

# The Sketch

No. 864.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1909.

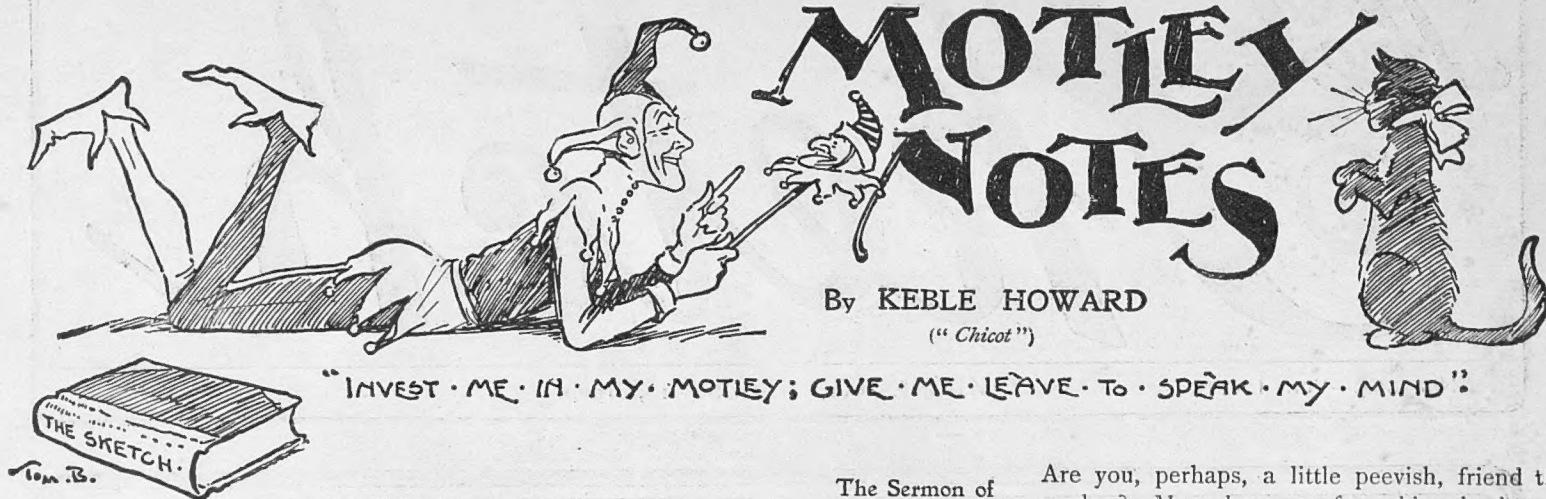
SIXPENCE.



A USE FOR THE MATINÉE-HAT AT LAST! A "CREATION" FOR GYMNASTS ONLY.

We illustrate a moment in the ingenious gymnastic performance given by Herr Traeger, who is at present appearing in Berlin. On top of the matinée-hat worn by his lady assistant, he goes through many feats.—[Photograph by the Sports Company.]





By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Housewife's  
Corner.

A thoughtful lady has forwarded a very useful little "Holiday Hint" to her favourite journal. It is headed, "What to Do on Leaving Home for the Holidays," and is as follows: "On leaving home for the holidays, be careful to close all the doors and windows. This will be found effective in keeping out dust and rain." A fault-finding person might suggest that such a piece of advice bordered on the obvious, but you and I, friend the reader, know that high moral courage and self-sacrifice lie behind simple truths of this sort. The ordinary selfish being would be very clever on the subject of leaving home for the holidays; but would she be useful? No. At such a time, flippancy is out of place, levity jars. The dear little home is being deserted, but let us make it secure against such insidious foes as dust and rain. Let us, with the help of our favourite journal and its kindly correspondent, remember to close the doors and windows. There are other points, too, that should be remembered. I could have wished that the author of the hint above quoted would have dealt exhaustively with the subject. Since, however, she was compelled to leave her task unfinished, let me, in my bungling way, try to complete it. Here is a short list that will, I trust, prove of some slight service—

What To Do on  
Leaving Home for  
the Holidays.

2. TAPS.—On no account leave your taps running. A considerable waste of water will be avoided by turning off all taps.
3. NEWSPAPERS.—It is as well to caution your newsagent not to supply the usual papers during your absence. It is mere extravagance to have a daily paper, for instance, which is of temporary interest only, delivered at an unoccupied house.
4. PLANTS.—Unless your plants are watered, you must not expect to find them in as flourishing condition on your return as when you leave home. A good plan, and one that many people find effective, is to place the plants in the garden, so that they may get the benefit of any rain that may happen to fall.
5. THE BATH.—It does not very much matter whether you empty the bath or leave it full.
6. CHIMNEYS.—Care should be taken to prevent the chimneys catching fire during your absence. Of course, however, if you have no fires, the chimneys will be more or less immune.
7. FOOD.—As far as possible, eat up all the food in the house whilst you are waiting for the cab. Any food that you cannot consume should be distributed among the policemen on duty, the porter, and the driver of the engine. The last-named is often accompanied by a "mate," who should not be entirely ignored.
8. CLOCKS.—Whether the clocks run down or not depends upon the length of time that you intend to be away. Some people give all their clocks a good wind before starting, but this is not always a reliable plan. If you are going to be absent a fortnight, let us say, it is pretty certain that even an eight-day clock will have stopped before your return. The average clock, however, if in a reasonable state of repair, can easily be restarted, and this, probably, is the better way out of the difficulty.
9. LETTING.—Never let your house to strangers during the holidays without ascertaining what rent, if any, they are likely to pay, and whether they are in a position to pay it. Indefiniteness on this point has often led to unpleasantness.
10. TO AIR THE HOUSE.—To air the house on your return, open all the windows top and bottom. Keep them open until the house is thoroughly well aired. Then close. Most modern windows are provided with a good catch which keeps them secure when closed.

The Sermon of  
Every Year.

Are you, perhaps, a little peevish, friend the reader? My only reason for asking is that so many people, I find, are peevish in the warm weather. What a pity! How ungrateful! And how silly! There is an excellent physical excuse for it, of course, but you must be reduced to the level of the poor beast in the field if you take advantage of it. The poor beast in the field becomes enraged when the flies sting him, because he can see no end to the trouble. You and I, on the other hand, know perfectly well that flies are a necessary accompaniment of the hot weather, and that the flies will pass just as surely as the hot weather will pass. Wherefore, though we may have an excuse for getting angry, we have no reason for our anger. The philosophy that will not stand up against a succession of gnat-bites is not worth very much. Similarly, the philosophy that is not proof against a budget of disappointing letters following on a night rendered practically sleepless by the heat is not worth very much. Year after year on this page I have preached the doctrine of letting things slide and taking them as they come when the weather is very hot; but year after year I notice the same old snappishness, the same old running after trouble. Disappointing—very.

## Peroration.

The correct attitude towards the hot weather is one of contempt, mingled with amusement. Never take life seriously in the hot weather. I do not urge you never to take life seriously at all, because I give you credit for depth of character. It is only the very pipsy-wipsy little creatures who never take life seriously. It is certainly right, though, not to take it seriously in hot weather. Certain duties you must perform; for the rest, just let everything slide. If you have a tiresome bill that you cannot conveniently meet, tear it up. Deal with it in October. If your affairs seem to be drifting down stream instead of pushing vigorously the other way, let them drift. If your friends or the people with whom you live show a disposition to quarrel, smile at them as vacantly as possible and say nothing. The result, maybe, will take the form of a passionate outburst, for there is nobody quite so irritating as the person you cannot irritate. Still, you are not to be blamed for that. If the Government, in your opinion, is making a hopeless muddle of the nation's business, give up your daily paper. Bear in mind, moreover, that all Governments have always muddled everything, and yet, as you see, we are all going on, everything considered, pretty well.

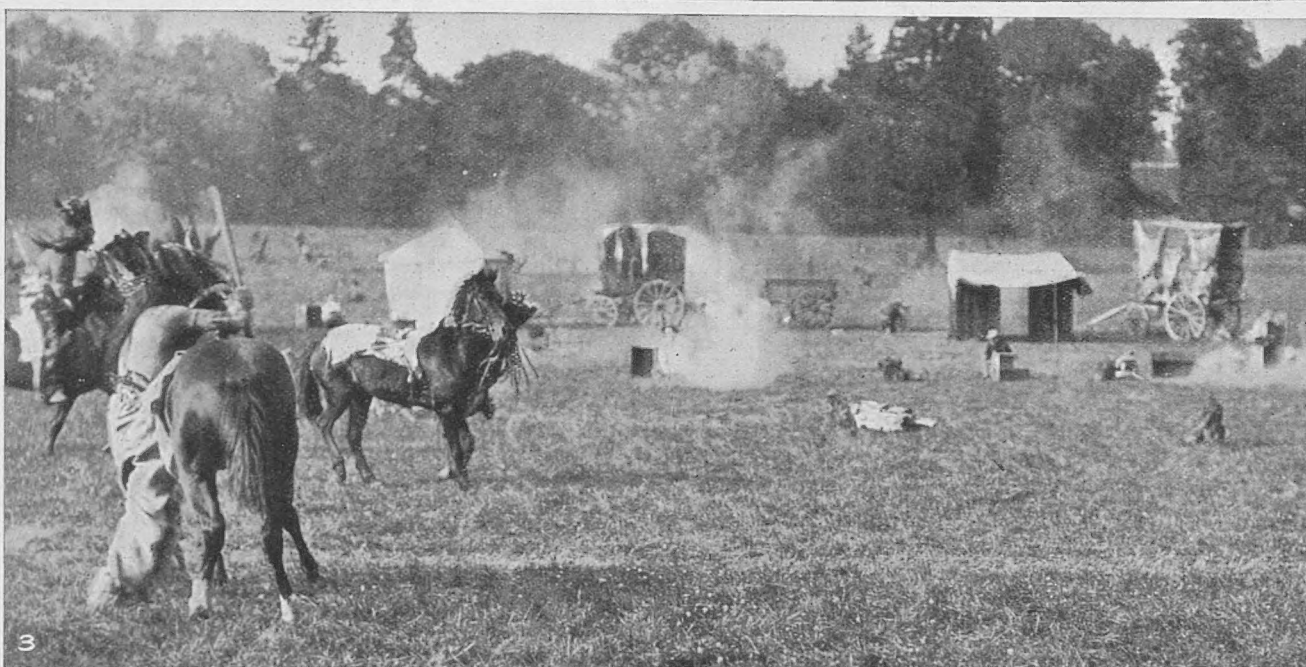
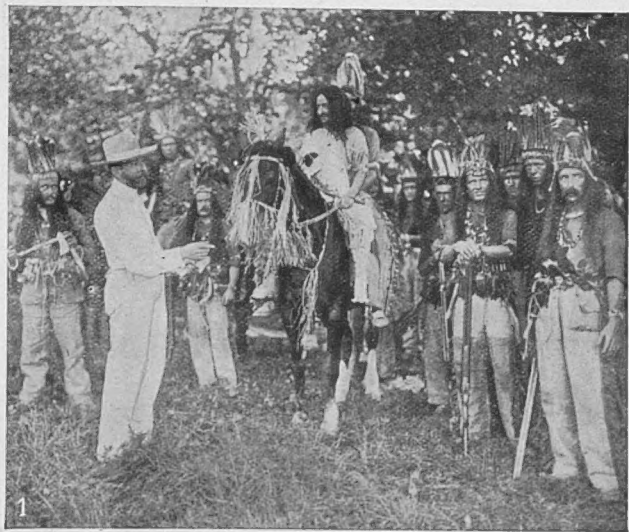
What They Think  
Now.

Three or four years ago, I was asked by the editor of a daily paper to lead off a discussion on the subject "What is the Right Age to Marry?" I did it, giving it as my humble opinion that a man should not marry until he is at least thirty-five. The usual mass of correspondence followed, the vast majority of the writers rebuking me very severely for my cynicism—and so forth. Now I find the very same discussion going forward once again in the very same paper, but this time nearly all the writers agree with me that thirty-five is about the age for a man to marry. Thus, once again, is Patience justified of her disciples. "The age to marry," says one, "is just at the turn of the tide. Then fresh life glistens across the shining sands, the great ocean sweeps back, and behold both wife and husband are miraculously young again." Quite so. With a clear conscience and a perfectly even temper, friend the reader, I lay down my pen, slip these Notes into the little pillar-box across the road, light a pipe, board a boat, lie on my back, and stare the sun out of countenance.



## CHURCH WORKERS! THE RED INDIANS OF EDENBRIDGE, KENT.

AN AMATEUR WILD WEST SHOW IN AID OF A WORKING-MEN'S CLUB.



1. ONE OF THE ORGANISERS OF THE WILD WEST SHOW GIVEN AT EDENBRIDGE IN AID OF THE LOCAL WORKING-MEN'S CLUB: COUNT RICCARDI-CUBITT, WITH SOME OF THE PERFORMERS.
2. BRAVES WHO OWN THE CURATE (THE REV. W. H. NICOL) AS "CHIEF."

3. THE INDIANS' ATTACK ON THE SETTLERS' CAMP.
4. BRAVES IN CIRCUS-LIKE ATTITUDE.
5. THE REV. H. L. SOMERS COCKS PAINTING A "SQUAW."
6. THE SQUAW AND HER STEED.

The Rev. Henry Lawrence Somers Cocks, Vicar of Edenbridge, in Kent, has, with the aid of Count Riccardi-Cubitt and others, produced an amateur Wild West show in aid of the local working-men's club. The first performance of the spectacle was given as far back as 1887 in the Bishop of Durham's park at Bishop Auckland, when Mr. Cocks was curate of St. Andrew's. At the present time, the part of the chief "brave" is taken by the Rev. W. H. Nicol, the curate. Last week's performance was given at Stangrove Park,

Photographs by Bolak and Halfones.



## MR. HALL CAINE, ACTOR—FOR THREE PERFORMANCES ONLY.

THE FAMOUS NOVELIST AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN "THE PRODIGAL SON."



1. MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AND MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE AS OSCAR STEPHENSSON.

2. MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE AS OSCAR STEPHENSSON.

3. MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE AS OSCAR STEPHENSSON, AND MRS. J. W. BRAITHWAITE AS ANNA MAGNUSSON.

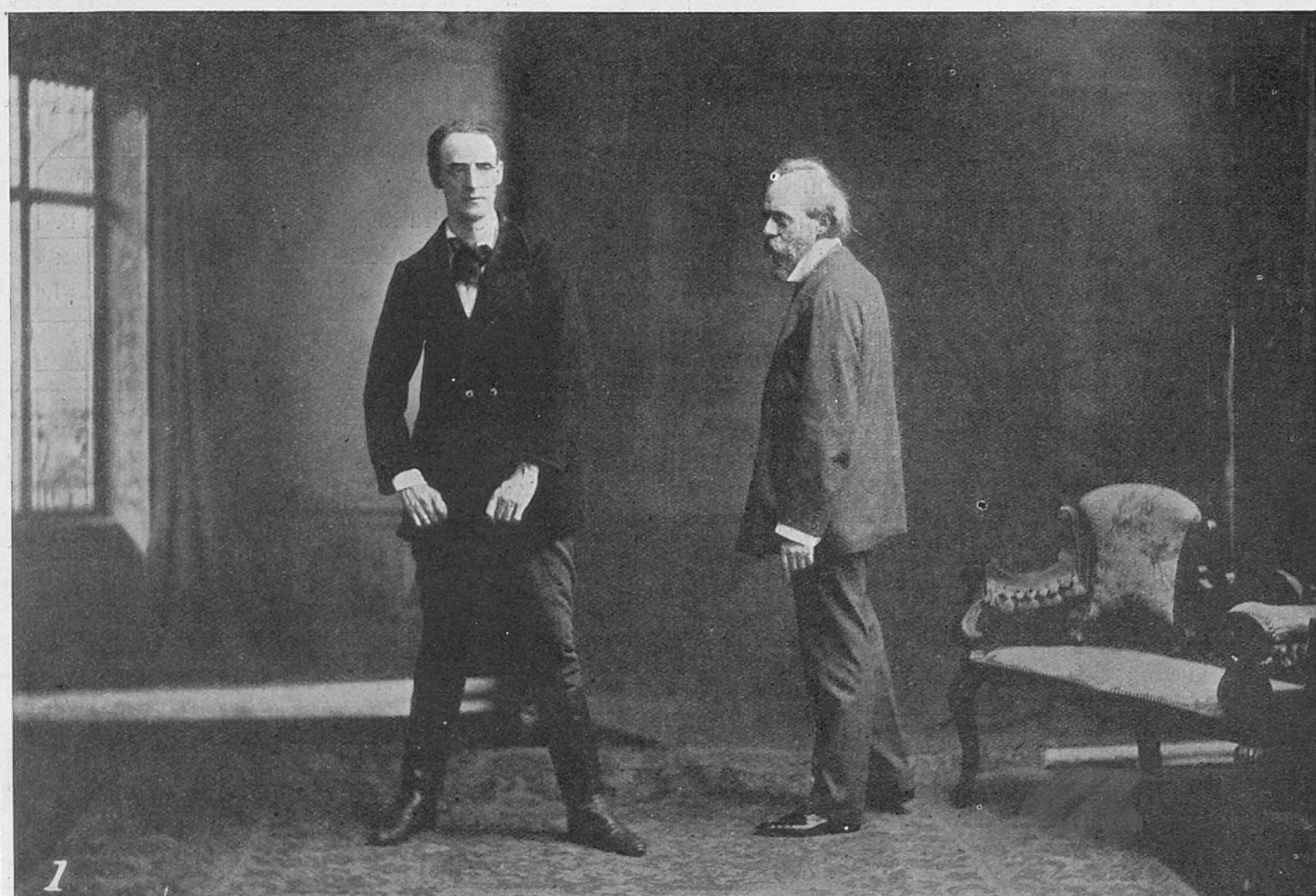
Mr. Hall Caine's play, "The Prodigal Son," based on his own famous novel of the same name, was being given at the Grand Theatre, Douglas, last week when the actor playing the Governor-General fell ill suddenly. Thereupon, at the request of his son, Mr. Derwent Hall Caine, who was appearing in the piece, Mr. Hall Caine stepped into the breach and filled the vacant part, for which there was no understudy. He appeared in ordinary dress, and without make-up; and played the part in all three times.

Photographs by Warburton.



## MR. HALL CAINE AS ONE OF HIS OWN CREATIONS:

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR IN "THE PRODIGAL SON," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, DOUGLAS.



1. MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AND MR. CHARLES SEYMOUR AS MAGNUS.

2. MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE AS OSCAR STEPHENSON, AND MISS MAY BEATRICE AS HELGA NEILSEN.

At the end of his third and farewell appearance as an actor in "The Prodigal Son," Mr. Hall Caine said: "It is very unusual for an author to play in one of his own pieces, but the circumstances seemed to make it imperative that I should do so. The young actor whose part I have filled is now able to play again, but my short experience has enabled me to appreciate more keenly than ever before the difficulties of the calling." In a speech after his first appearance, he said: "I might also say that my modest experience of an actor's calling is enough to show me how beautiful a profession it is. Therefore, I rejoice that my younger son has chosen the stage as a profession."

Photographs by Warburton.



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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# BRUMMELL

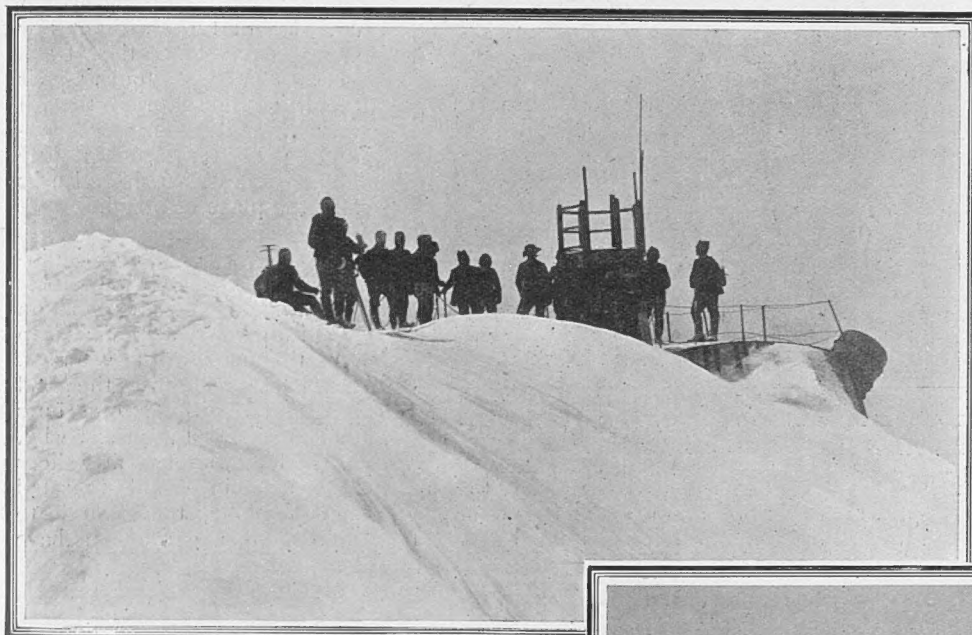
## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Paris Again. Still Paris, d'y'see. Lots more things to say about Paris, much of it an entirely new Paris to me—the Paris on the wrong side of the water—and much of it a Paris I know backwards, and always think about as amusin' until I do it. I mean the Paris of the Champs Elysées, when the lights are lit and the moths—all glitterin' in really wonderful clothes—come out and flutter. It's all very full of colour and sound. The French officer, a little joker with a bizarre assortment of hair and a perky little walk; the *pioupiau*; the Cuirassier, with the hair splashin' out of his brass helmet and his baggy breeches stickin' into his appallin' boots; the

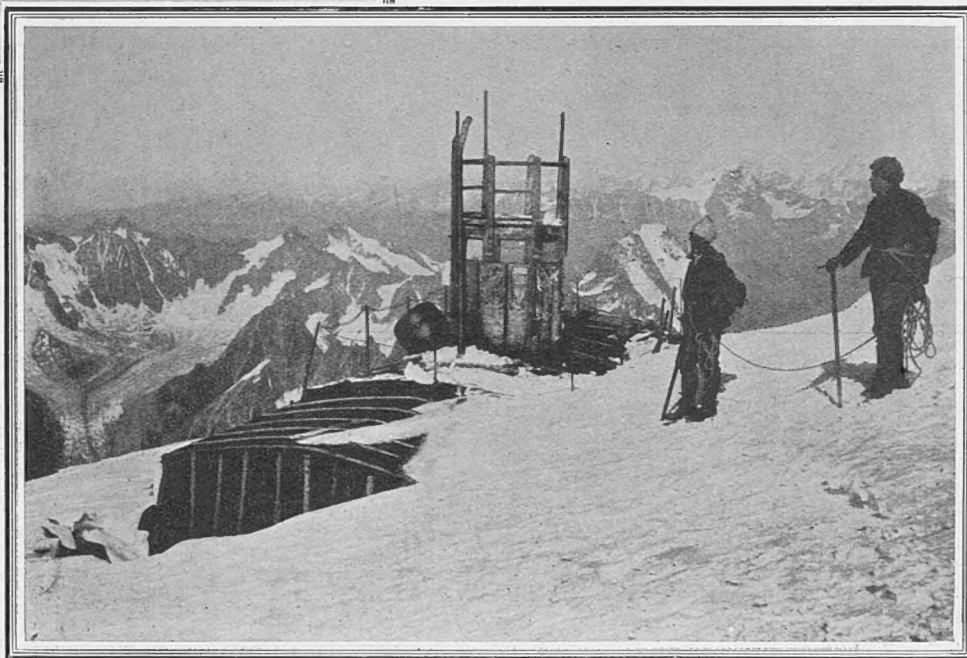
I say corner ladies, because for the rest of the night they just stand in the corner, as near the footlights as possible, and explain what's goin' to happen. Sometimes they sing. One doesn't hear them. All one does hear is yellin' and band. One's very grateful to the band. Then, at "Ah, tiens, mais qu'est-ce qui vient?" on comes the man whose name is printed in large letters on the programme. There are thunders of applause from an enthusiastic group of five, who make thunders of applause a profession at so much a round, and there follows a turn, possibly a solo, possibly a duet, with chorus, by this time changed into still more "darin', b'Jove," clothes. And so it goes on all the time till the interval, durin' which, under the bandstand, one may see Les Poses Plastiques and Les Danses de l'Orient, which one doesn't. Oh, but so very foggy and unsavoury, and, mind you, dull. You stay up and take a couple of pews at a little round table and pull in orangeade glacé through straws, and thank all the stars for a warm night and a soft breeze and a good orchestra. And then it is that the paid impromptu dancers on the terrace of the band-stand, the Liberté, Fraternité, and so on ladies subsidised by the French Government to keep up the English idea of Paris naughtiness, do a turn. Do you follow me? All very bright, what?

Quartier Latin. But as to Paris of the Latin Quarter, well, Du Maurier drew on his imagination as well with his pen as with his pencil. The Boule Miche, bless you, is far more respectable and well-conducted and bland than the Rue de Rivoli. Never an Apache,



Agents de Police, nicely groomed, very quiet and watchful and somewhat bored; the many-coloured ordinary citizen in blue-and-white waistcoat and khaki trousers—oh, my Lord, those khaki trousers!—and light-brown boots, cut with an enormous waste of leather, and—well, and the women—all colours and shapes, but all good colours and mostly good shapes, booted and gloved and hatted to perfection, with an equally good walk, but with equally unspeakable faces, poor devils, or lucky devils, or whatever they consider themselves to be; and everywhere, whether it's in the Marigny, the Jardin de Paris, the Ambassadeurs, or one or other of these half-out, half-in places, colour; advertisements red and white and blue, blue-and-white boards round the bandstand, yellow-topped tables, and blue-and-yellow cane chairs; and everywhere the steady white glare of electric lights, the clash of music, the weird reedy notes of horns played on a roof, among the branches, and everywhere there are branches, already, many of them, covered with leaves turned golden, all too soon turned golden, which fall among the movin' crowd like bad omens of impendin' decay. Oh, but that's fine writin', what? And have you spotted the "Oh, but"? New. Quite, quite new.

Marigny, etc. You know, d'y'see, it's these Marigny, Jardin de Paris, and other kindred shows that, apart from the colour and the sound and the always-fascinatin' sight of live people, always in theory amuse me, and always make one ask, when in London, why the very dickens haven't we got some such thing, and always in practice seem so infinitely silly, unutterably idiotic. Their endless Revues, beginning somewhere about nine o'clock—followin' close on the heels of a very inferior variety show—some of the airs are catchy, but many of 'em are bagged from America, and need I say more?—and endin' somewhere round about midnight, are really very feeble. Oh, but very feeble. There is a chorus of females first—noisy, what would be called daringly rigged in England, very pleasin' to members of the London County Council, those weirdest of all weird creatures. Then on come two corner ladies, one dressed womanish and the other not.



AN OBSERVATORY THAT IS BEING SWALLOWED BY THE ICE: THE FAMOUS BUILDING ON MONT BLANC.

The never-ceasing movement of the glaciers threatens to cause the disappearance of the famous observatory on Mont Blanc, which was constructed in 1891. Already the building has sunk a good deal, and there seems little doubt that it will be altogether engulfed before very long.—[Photographs by J. Brocherel.]

oh, but no! A charmin' garden, stocked with delightful flowers, with grass, and a fountain, and the inevitable statue, where Boule Michers feed the wily sparrow, or sleep off the effects of the all-too-lengthy déjeuner with the inevitable bottle of *vin rouge*—oh, that *vin rouge*!—and watch life. And it's a busy life. People everywhere, mostly respectable citizens goin' about their business, and at this time of year a large sprinklin' of the tourist person, the school marm from Noo Yark. Oh, but! and round the Park the incessant orchestra of traffic, which begins early, goes on till it's early again, and never, never ceases. And everywhere the glare of the sun, thrown off the white walls, gleamin' on the coloured advertisements, and religiously kept out of all the rooms, yes, but all, by the jealous jalousie. The French don't like sun, don't like rain, don't like wind. A draught frightens them. Fug is their fetish, for all that half their lives are spent sittin' outside cafés. But they're a nice people, a very easily amused, kindly, superficial, mercurial, innocent, simple lot, and it's good to be among 'em for a change. What?



# THE CLUBMAN

## The Emperor Joseph's Birthday.

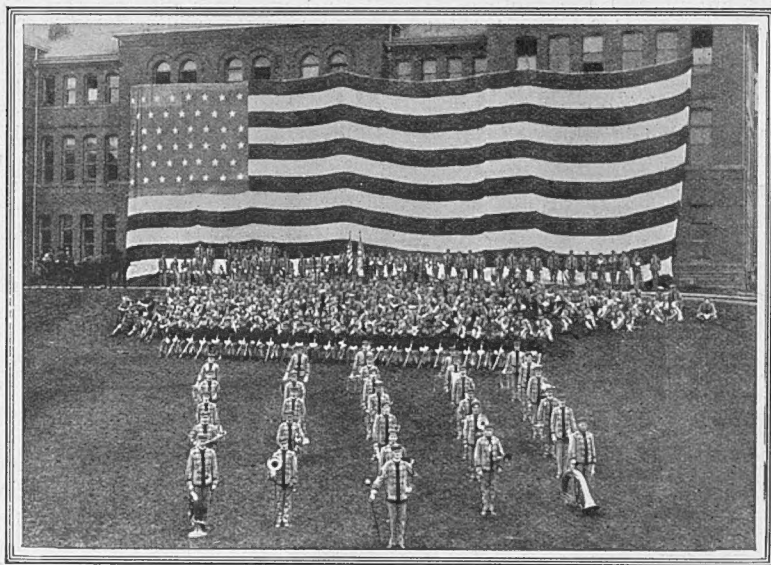
world will very heartily wish the doyen of European

To-day (Wednesday) is the birthday of the Emperor of Austria, and the whole

fogosh is a fish with very firm flesh and resembles in taste a turbot more than any other fish with which we British are familiar. The fogosh eaten at Marienbad comes from Balaton and other of

sovereigns many happy returns of the day. That our King did not stop at Ischl this year on his way to Marienbad to interview the Austrian Emperor may be due to half-a-dozen causes, the great age of the Emperor being one, but it certainly was not caused by any coolness between King Edward and the august ruler of the Dual Empire. The celebration of the Emperor's birthday at Marienbad will give ample proof of that. On that day only does the King cease to be the Duke of Lancaster, and resumes for a few hours his royal identity. He goes to church to the thanksgiving service as a King, and generally gives an official dinner in the evening, to which all the high officials and the Abbé of Tepl are invited.

Marienbad's Landlord. The Abbé of Tepl is everybody's ground-landlord in Marienbad. The springs and the valley are owned by the monastery of Tepl, which lies between Marienbad and the other great Bohemian town of



A FLAG 100 FEET LONG AND 39 FEET WIDE: A GIGANTIC STARS-AND-STRIPES.

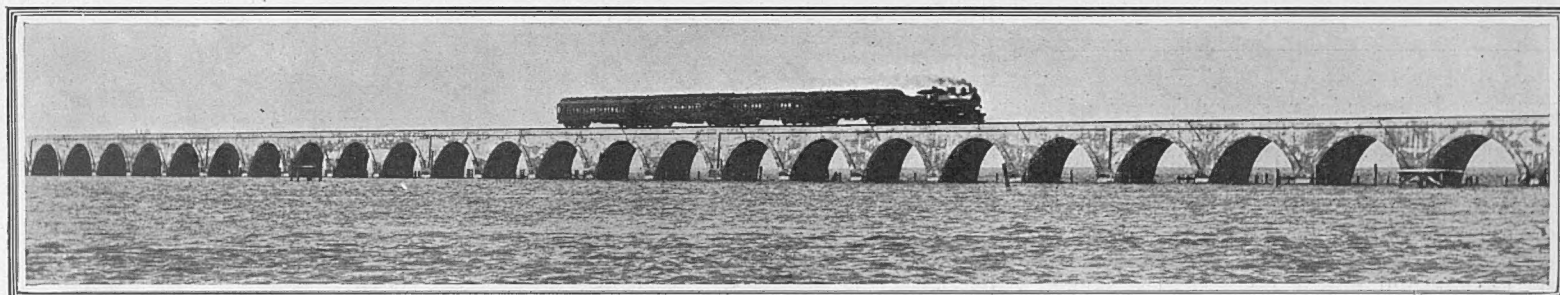
As we have noted, the flag is 100 feet long and 39 feet wide. Each stripe is a yard wide.

the Hungarian lakes; but there is another species which is found in Sweden and North Germany. Either fowl or partridge is the second course in a Marienbad dinner. The fowls come from Styria, and are as large and plump as though they had been bred in Surrey. A compôte of fruit, without any sugar, concludes the feast. Plain Bilin or Mattoni water is the only drink allowed, though very favoured patients are sometimes permitted to mix a little Hungarian wine with it. Rusks take the place of bread.

## The Austrian Veterans.

One of the interesting sights in Austria on the Emperor's birthday is to see the parade of veterans. One hardly recognises the good baker from whom one buys one's rusks, or the grocer who, clothed in white samite, slices

ham unwearily all the morning, when, in double-breasted tunics and cocked hats rippling with feathers, they march to church behind their band. These prosperous gentlemen have



RUNNING, A TRAIN OVER MILES OF OPEN SEA AND SUBMERGED KEYS AND LAGOONS: A RAILWAY THAT WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR PASSENGERS TO TRAVEL WITHOUT CHANGE OF CAR FROM NEW YORK TO CUBA.

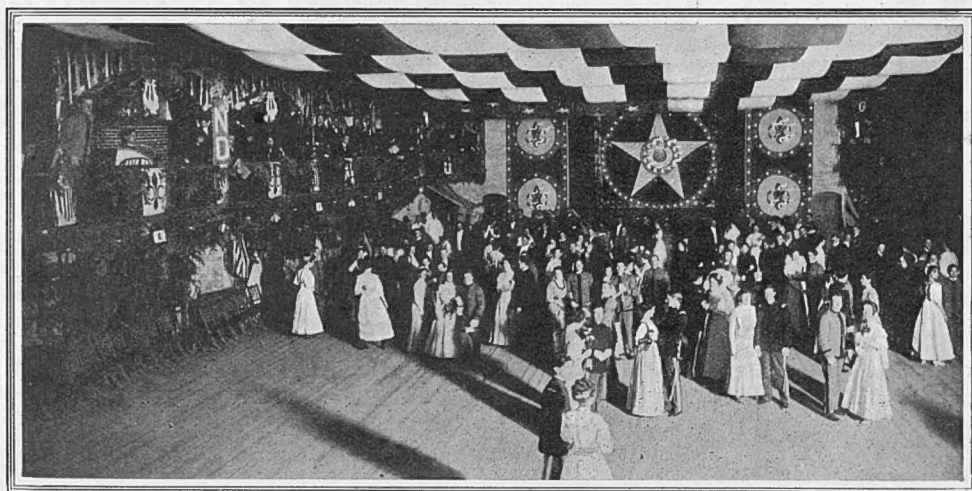
The average cost of construction of the railway will be £20,000 a mile. When the line is completed, and it is arranged to ferry trains from Key West to Havana, it will be possible for passengers to enter a car in New York or Chicago, and not leave it until they have reached Cuba. After leaving the mainland at the southern extremity of Florida, trains will be run over the water to Key West on long concrete viaduct bridges stretching from key to key. It is estimated that the journey from New York to Havana will take fifty hours. At present the journey takes fifty-two hours ten minutes.

healing waters, Carlsbad. The monastery is a fine pile of buildings, but there is little worth seeing inside it. The Abbé is a courtly and genial gentleman and an enterprising landlord, for Marienbad is given anything that an up-to-date town should possess.

A "Cure" The King's Dinner. The Emperor's birthday is the one departure from the strict "cure" which Dr. Ott, who rules all kings and princes who come to Marienbad, permits. Not that the "cure" diet is at all a disagreeable one. One is allowed to eat pleasant things at Marienbad, but very little of them. Soups of all kinds are taboo, but for fish you may eat plain boiled trout or grilled fogosh. There are no better trout in the world than those which are taken out of the Bohemian mountain streams. The

all served their time in the Army, and their physique proves how good it is for a young man to live an open-air life for two or three years. In their ripe middle-age they are still in touch with the colours, and form a very steady home-guard.

Our Old Mr. Haldane, going to Germany. Many rather than Austria for his model, is, I am glad to read, organising an old-soldier reserve for the Territorials. It is to be of men between forty and fifty, who, in their youth, learned how to march and hit a target. They will not have double-breasted tunics nor hats garnished with plumes of cocks' feathers; but they will wear a badge of some kind when on duty, and I hope that Mr. Haldane will permit his corps of veterans to wear a special button in the lapel of their coats at all times.



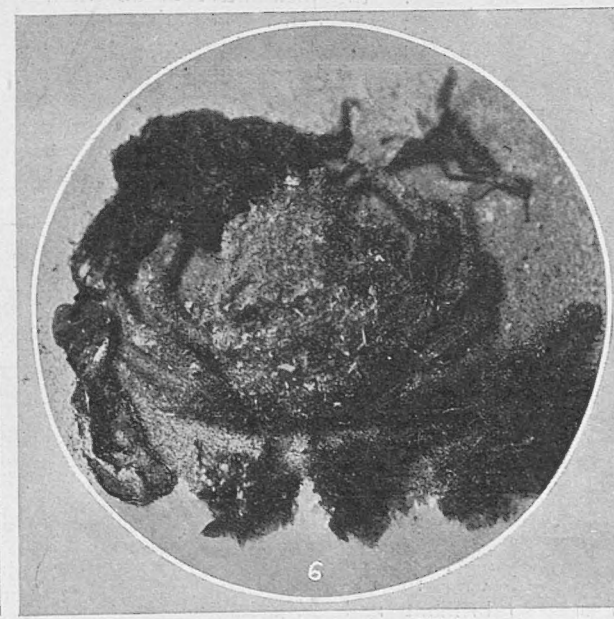
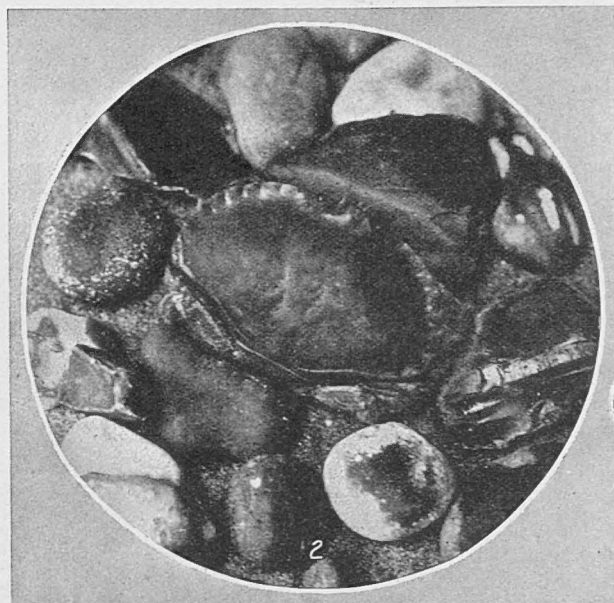
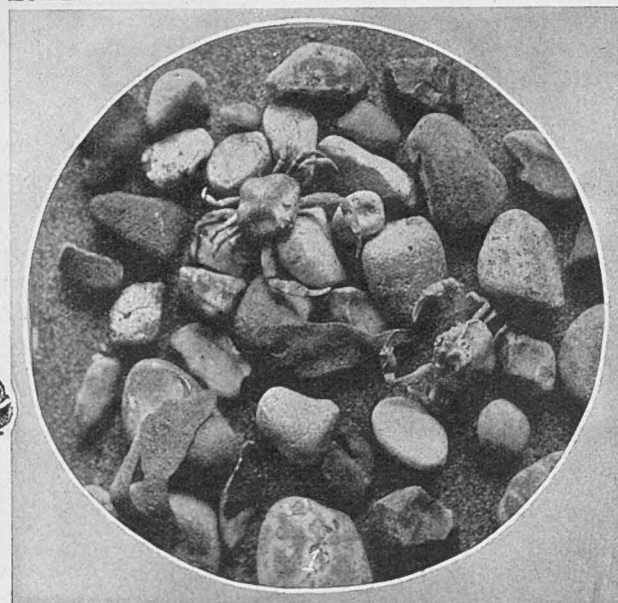
A FLAG THAT COVERS A BALL-ROOM CEILING: THE GREAT STARS-AND-STRIPES IN PLACE DURING A MILITARY BALL.

The flag was made by Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Captain H. E. Mitchell, Military Instructor at the State College at Pullman, Washington. It was used to cover the ceiling of the college gymnasium during a ball.



## NATURE AS LIFE-GUARD: VERY LIKE THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

THE ANIMATE RESEMBLING THE INANIMATE IN REMARKABLE FASHION.



1. SMALL DEEP-WATER CRABS AMONG PEBBLES, SHOWING HOW GREATLY THE ANIMATE OBJECTS RESEMBLE THE INANIMATE.
3. CRABS HIDING IN THE SAND, AND ALMOST INVISIBLE TO THE CASUAL ONLOOKER.
5. THE THORN-BACK CRAB, SHOWING HOW IT IS COVERED WITH SEA-WEED, ETC., AS A PROTECTION.

2. A COMMON EDIBLE CRAB AMONG STONES, TO ILLUSTRATE THE REMARKABLE MANNER IN WHICH THE FORMER RESEMBLES THE LATTER.
4. A SOLE ON THE SANDY SEA-BOTTOM, SHOWING HOW EXTRAORDINARILY DIFFICULT IT IS TO SEE IT.
6. A THORN-BACK CRAB ALMOST LOST AMONG SEA-WEED, THE HOME IN WHICH IT IS SAFEST.

Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which Nature guards living creatures by causing them to resemble their surroundings. This is obvious throughout the animal world, and seldom more obvious than in the cases we illustrate here.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



# SMALL TALK



MRS. BERTRAM MITFORD (FORMERLY MISS BRENDA KATHERINE MACLEOD), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Mitford is the elder daughter of the Rev. R. C. MacLeod, Vicar of Mitford, and granddaughter of the late Norman MacLeod of MacLeod, of Dunvegan Castle, Skye.

deprived of a father's care, and this is specially the case when the little lad in question is an only son. Lord Chelsea is a godson of the King, and, together with his sisters, is an object of affectionate interest to all the royal family.

*The Merry-men.* The South African leaders have had extraordinary marks of favour shown them in town. Following Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, many a mansion has opened its doors to them as to the most honoured of its guests. Of course, it was not always so; and, happy as Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer and their friends are at the altered state of public feeling, they rank as the pleasantest of all their recent experiences that of renewing friendships with people who did not avoid them in the darker days. Lord Courtney and Sir William Butler were the foremost of these. Sir William, coming to London from Ireland,



ENGAGED TO CAVALIERE ALBERTO GODIO, OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY: MISS VIOLET KAY.

An engagement of more than usual interest is that of Miss Violet Kay, the pretty daughter of Mr. Frederick Henry Kay, to the Cavaliere Alberto Godio, who was for some time attached to the Italian Embassy in London. Miss Kay lately joined the ranks of Society poetesses with a clever book of verses.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

to Boer character he was once almost alone in offering. As he had been unable to see the Empress Eugénie during her recent yachting in Irish waters, he availed himself of his presence in England to pay her a visit at Farnborough.

*The Lady of Skibo Castle.* Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has proved an ideal wife to the millionaire who sets so brilliant and original an example to the great money-makers of the world. Gentle, placid, eminently kindly and unassuming in her manner, the lady of Skibo Castle conciliates all those with whom she is brought in contact, and her whole heart is bound up in her husband and only child, a daughter, born many years after her parents' marriage. Having descended from the old aristocracy of America, Mrs. Carnegie met her husband when they were both engaged in charitable

THE little Viscount Chelsea, now in his seventh year, is heir to a property likely to increase greatly in value during the next few years, for his grandfather, Lord Cadogan, owns much of that large district of London which gives this important child his title. There is always something pathetic in a boy early deprived of a father's care, and this is specially the case when the little lad in question is an only son. Lord Chelsea is a godson of the King, and, together with his sisters, is an object of affectionate interest to all the royal family.



HEIR TO GREAT POSSESSIONS: VISCOUNT CHELSEA, GRANDSON OF LORD CADOGAN.

Photograph by H. J. Farman.

works in New York, and they see life from the same high standpoint. Both delight in entertaining in their Highland home the workers of the world.

## Socialists, and Others.

One way of making holiday is to go to Pen-yr-all, Llanbedr, in North Wales, and there become a scholar at the Fabian Summer School, or Nursery. Quite a number of lassies, flying red poppies, stolen from the corn-fields, in their belts as the flags of revolt, have been listening to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb on the rudiments of Socialism. And yet numbers of persons will still persist in going to Scotland! The Prince of Wales knows Moy too well to miss his shooting there; the Duke of Portland, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lord and Lady Suffolk all choose to take their schooling on the moors. Mr. Whitehead has been very content to speed smaller missiles than torpedoes after smaller birds than M. Blériot; while Lord Portman, if he himself shirks the fatigue of shooting, can, with his four sons, form a Portman Square of British marksmen.

## The Put-Away Paints.

Miss Cynthia Williams, whose engagement to Mr. Francis Whittuck is announced, is the pretty and talented daughter of Mr. Pownoll Williams, the one-time water-colourist.



THE LADY OF SKIBO CASTLE: MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MR. BERTRAM LANE MITFORD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS BRENDA KATHERINE MACLEOD TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mr. Mitford is the eldest son of Captain Robert Mitford, and grandson of Edward L. Osbaldeston Mitford, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Hunmanby Hall, York.



TO MARRY MR. PHILIP BERKELEY TILLARD TO-MORROW (19TH): MISS VIOLET SILBER.

To-morrow (19th) many Norfolk worthies will be gathered together at Bunwell, Attleborough, to attend the marriage of Miss Violet Silber, a cousin of Lord Lisburne, and daughter of Mr. Martin A. Silber and Lady Lucy Silber, to Mr. Philip Berkeley Tillard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tillard.—[Photograph by Mattype.]

Preferring to teach his daughters Latin, or sculling, or how to look at pictures in the galleries of Europe, to painting, Mr. Pownoll Williams put a period to his own very notable career in looking after theirs. Mr. Whittuck reaps the benefit; but what of the rest of us? Mr. Pownoll Williams painted and exhibited long enough to prove that he had the rarest sort of talent, and collectors, like Sir Charles Dilke, who are fortunate enough to hold his drawings, prize them with their "Cotmans" and "Coxes." But even when Mr. Williams is told, on such authority as there is in the perilous regions of art criticism, that he could take one of the foremost places in the history of water-colour painting, he refuses to resume his brushes. Perhaps his daughters' marriages will make the difference.



# A HOUSE-BOAT WITH A MOTOR-GARAGE, STABLES, A FARMYARD, AND FIFTEEN ROOMS.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



THE HOUSE-BOAT "JOYSELLE," WHICH HAS FIFTEEN ROOMS,  
A MOTOR-GARAGE, STABLES, AND A FARMYARD.



LANDING THE MOTOR-CAR CARRIED ON THE HOUSE-BOAT AT  
BUDA-PESTH BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL DRAWBRIDGE.



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM ON THE "JOYSELLE."



THE FARMYARD ABAFT THE ROOF-GARDEN.



THE ROOF-GARDEN OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.



IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE OF THE "JOYSELLE."

The house-boat—or, as its owner prefers to call it, house-barge—is one hundred and ten feet long and twenty feet wide. It has fifteen rooms, a garage to hold a 60-h.p. car, and three small stalls for ponies. It has been in use on the Danube, where it caused much interest. In four months it covered about six hundred miles, towed by a 160-h.p. tug. Now, by the way, it is for sale. The motor-car and the ponies could be landed easily by means of a small drawbridge.



# CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



WIFE OF LORD ANCASTER'S  
SECOND SON: LADY MURIEL  
WILLOUGHBY.

As wife of Lord Ancaster's second son, Lady Muriel Willoughby would naturally take an important place in Scottish Society. But she has an even sounder claim to be regarded in a special sense as a Scots "grande dame," for Lady Muriel is eldest daughter of Lord Buchan, one of the greatest of Northern potentates, a noble whose lineage is perhaps the oldest in Scotland.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*

Grooms-in-Waiting whom the King, on falling back on his title of Duke of Lancaster, leaves behind him. Captain Fortescue had considerable

CAPTAIN Seymour Fortescue's departure for Marienbad, where he is tasting the waters along with his Majesty, clashed with the great dinner given by his brother, Lord Fortescue, at Tattershall, in honour of the recent coming-of-age of his son, Viscount Ebrington. Captain Fortescue is a thoroughly able man, conversant with Continental ways and means, and as good a substitute as can be imagined for the Lords and

experience in the Navy, but he has never doubted that his vocation was an Equestrian's since he was first attached to the King's person, when he was Prince of Wales, sixteen years ago.

*Young Portugal.* The King of Portugal comes to England without a wife: he may leave with a fiancée. It is not

every kind so splendid a setting as the historic house in Carlton House Terrace of which she does the honours with so kindly and genial a grace. Sir Weetman's country place, Paddockhurst, near Three

Bridges, is also the scene of many notable "week-ends" of a more or less political complexion, and will, it is said, in due course, provide its owner with a title.

*At Beaufort Castle.*

That keen man of the world and man of the moors, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, expects to be the host of the Prince of Wales, and, later, of the King, at his splendid shootings at Tulchan; and the Marquise de Ganay have bidden a smart party to Beaufort Castle, let for thesea-

son, as usual, by Lord Lovat. Beaufort Castle stands on the site of an ancient building, which suffered much damage at about the time when Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, went to the scaffold. Lord Lovat

has no sentimental distaste for his castle or for the execution—of birds; but when Lord Crawford lets Dunecht, as he does this year to Sir Weetman Pearson, it may be remembered that he has seldom lived there since the death of his father, whose remains were stolen from the family vault.

*"A Splendid Time."* The time, the place, the people, and the birds combined to make Lord and Lady Lonsdale's party at Lowther Castle go extremely well. All Lord Lonsdale's horses may be chestnuts, but such things are forbidden the dining-room, where the Crown Prince of Sweden proved to be in as good form in the evening as he had been on the moors during the day. The Crown Prince and Princess arrived with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, whose guests they had been, and the Prince's way of expressing his satisfaction with both Cowes and Lowther Castle is to say, with the energy that one associates with Swedish drill, that he has "had a splendid time."



WIFE OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S  
FIFTH SON: LADY HERBERT SCOTT.

The pretty and clever wife of the Duke of Buccleuch's fifth son is an interesting link between the stage and the peerage. Née Miss Marie Edwardes, Lady Herbert is a niece of the popular lessee of the Gaiety Theatre.

*Photograph by L'Estrange.*



ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY  
ARTHUR BUTLER:  
MISS EVELYN FRANCES BUTLER.

*Photograph by L'Estrange.*

the first time that a marriageable crowned head from that country has sought these shores. Louis Philippe proposed more than one match to Queen Donna Maria, and when she came to England, and stayed at Windsor, William IV. expressed his own views to her on the subject of a husband. On a former visit, in 1829, she had been to a children's ball at Buckingham Palace where, in dancing, she fell down, hurt her face, and ran away. The young King looks forward to no such disaster; he is, on the other hand, likely to enjoy the shooting and a command-play at Windsor Castle.

*Lady (Weetman) Pearson.* Lady Pearson and her brilliant only daughter, Lady Denman, are perhaps the two most popular hostesses of the Liberal Party. Both are dowered with an extraordinary fund of energy and that gift of making things "go" which is so invaluable an asset to any woman connected with politics. Lady Pearson is fortunate in having for her parties and gatherings of



A POPULAR HOSTESS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY:  
LADY (WEETMAN) PEARSON.

*Photograph by Vandy.*



A NIECE OF MR. ALEXANDER  
GOSCHEN: MRS. GEORGE NEILSON  
(FORMERLY MISS VIOLETTE BECKET  
DE BALAN).

An exceptionally pretty bridal was celebrated at St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Church, Chelsea, last week, the bridegroom being Mr. George Neilson, late of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the bride Miss Violette Becket de Balan, who is, through her mother, a niece of Mr. Alexander Goschen, who gave her away. Mrs. Neilson was attended, French fashion, to the altar by her sister, Miss Suzanne Becket de Balan.—*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*



DAUGHTER OF LADY SEYMOUR, OF VILLAGE  
PARK, SOUTH EALING:  
MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR.

*Photograph by Amy Cassels.*



## SCARS THAT ARE AS PRECIOUS AS BLUES:

DUELLING AMONGST GERMAN STUDENTS—THE SCAR-SEEKERS.



1. A DUEL WITH SABRES.

2. A DUEL WITH RAPIERS.

From time to time outcries are raised against the practice of duelling among German students; but it is one of those old customs which die hard, especially in the conservative atmosphere of universities. In spite of all opposition, duelling still continues to flourish in Germany, and there is nothing the German student is so proud of as his scars, which are as precious in his eyes as the coveted blue at Oxford and Cambridge. Although duelling is nominally forbidden by law, nevertheless at some universities it goes on more or less openly under the eyes of the authorities. In a few others, however, which are not quite so free and easy, the meetings have to be arranged clandestinely, and frequently take place by night in cellars. In large towns the duellist has to steal through the streets, with his cap wrapped in paper and his weapon concealed in his clothes, to some dark and lonely spot, in order to indulge in this sanguinary sport. Hits on the head alone count. It is interesting to note the heavy protection for the body.—[Photographs by Philipp Reclam, jun.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

## The Toils of the Censor.

According to an ancient story, the choice was once given to an abominable Italian criminal of being sentenced to serve in the galleys for life, or to read "The History of the Italian Wars," and, after a contemplation of the formidable book, he decided to go to the galleys. Guicciardini, I believe, was the name of the historian, but

I speak from memory, and may be wrong. In the Norfolk Rectory which I have taken for my holidays, there is no book of reference to help me—it contains many volumes, but from my point of view they may be put into De Quincey's *biblia abiblia* classification, being all theological. Indeed, there is not among them even such a frivolous work as the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The name De Quincey reminds me of the fact that the story of the criminal is to be found somewhere in the sixteen volumes of his writings, which I read with pleasure a very long while ago. The statement of the Censor that he has to read, on an average, two plays a day, brought the story of the Italian criminal into my mind. Think of it! having to read two plays a day, year in and year out, without even being free for a holiday. Of

exceed the permitted number; and inspecting the names of the *dramatis personæ* to make sure that none of them have been borne by persons who figure in the Bible, and can be identified as representing such persons. For I understand that you may use most of the names, but not all, if you do not identify the persons who had them, and experience tells us you may identify the persons if you do not disclose their names.

## His Fearful Task.

Alas! poor Mr. Redford, his seems a fearful fate. To think that he was once a blameless bank manager and that a sense of duty—something that might almost be glorified by the term "a call"—led him to abandon that dignified, peaceful career, which I have always understood commands a princely salary, for such a cruel task. What a relief it must be to him when Sicilians or Dutchmen or Japanese are in question, and his duty is confined to reading a mere synopsis, which really, if such things may be judged by the kind of synopsis which we get of the French plays, must be quite an entertaining task; for the Parisian companies generally give the task of preparing the synopsis to some wild humourist, and I have sometimes had an evening which otherwise would have been dull rendered entertaining by the labours of the gentleman or lady who has assisted the audience to misunderstand the play. Of course, we sometimes have a synopsis written quite creditably. It seems a quaint kind of existence, with, of course, its bright side. One can imagine Mr. Redford at breakfast saying cheerfully to the gracious, charming lady who assists him in the case of the German plays, that he has only a couple of pieces to tackle, both of them by authors—how I should like to mention names—in whom he has complete confidence, worthy dramatists whose works never contain anything that would make Mr. Harry Lauder blush, or cause the German Emperor to make a speech, or worry the Archbishop of Canterbury or Mr. W. T. Stead. On the other hand, fancy the poor man contemplating the task of grappling a work by Mr. G. B. Shaw, or Mr. Granville Barker, or the terrible M. Brieux—malignant authors whose very commas inspire distrust.

## No "Praise, Praise, Praise."

What a joyless task it is, after all, where there is much labour and no hope of praise; where each error is severely censured, whilst every rightful act is regarded merely as a matter of course—a task which apparently never brings the Censor into contact with mankind, except when people come to swear at him or to plead for mercy. And it is the harder because, in some cases, he is the whipping-block for the conduct of those who control him, and is blamed for decisions which may not represent his own opinions.



IN "THE DEVIL" ON TOUR: MRS. BROWN POTTER AS HÉLÈNE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

course, I am not going to discuss the question now being debated before the Joint Parliamentary Committee. I have my opinions, but perhaps to express them whilst the Committee is sitting would amount to that fearful offence, a contempt of Parliament. To run the risk of being confined in the Clock Tower during my holiday is quite out of the question, and to be imprisoned for an indeterminate period, without the right to apply for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, sounds awful; yet, according to some, I might well run the risk, since I believe that when Parliament is dissolved, the doors of the Clock Tower are flung open and the prisoners set free. I have lately read, and many times, that the life of this Parliament will not be long—it appears to be no contempt of Parliament to say so—and therefore my durance would not be terrific.

## Sympathy with the Censor.

My object in writing these lines is to express my sorrow at the thought that sometimes I have spoken unkindly of the Censor. Now, when I think of that brave official getting up day after day to tackle his two plays, I shudder. One witness ungently suggested that it only involves six hours' work a day, but we had no disclosure from Mr. Redford on the subject. Of course, you can read two plays—three-deckers, four, or even five-deckers—in six hours if you read rapidly; but hardly if you are reading microscopically, with anxious attention, inspecting every sentence to see whether it may offend the Cham of Tartary, the President of the Republic of Andorre, or the Grand Llama; weighing each phrase, fearing lest it may contain some veiled personal attack upon Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Arthur Balfour, or the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade; studying every scene to discover whether there are traces in it of the new morality; counting the "damns" in order to be sure they do not



IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE GARRICK: MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AS MARGARET ROLFE.

"The Woman in the Case" will be transferred to the New Theatre on Aug. 23.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



FALSE ECONOMY.



THE PASSENGER (*to the owner*): I tell you, Sir, I would give twenty pounds to be out of this car.  
 THE JOVIAL OWNER: You stick to your money, old man. If the railway gates at the foot of this hill are closed, it won't cost you a cent.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Perils Outlived.** We are always going bankrupt, either the brewers or the peers or the untitled landed ones, or the bankers or the merchants and shippers. Every new Budget, no matter by whom or which party proposed, is about to slay the innocents. Yet we live and prepare to swear imminent death for another year. It is comforting to glance back at bygone days and to see that then, as now, there was just the same sort of outcry. If they had not Germany hanging about the doorstep, they had France; and if they had not the motor-car speed to rage against, they had the bicycle "scorcher"—now a forgotten term—to fume against. They did not "plane" and they did not balloon to any alarming extent, but they swore by all their gods that the railway would poison or otherwise murder them. Certainly "in a few years it will destroy the noblesse," vowed Sir Astley Cooper. We are in trouble to-day about motor-roads. This is nothing to the making of the North Western line. On the Duke of Bridgewater's estate, the gamekeepers had armed men ready to shoot at sight the first railway-surveyor to rear his theodolite near the ducal land. The survey was carried out only by ruse: guns being fired where the surveyors were not, to lure the gamekeepers away, while the engineers hopped over the fence elsewhere and did the work for which they were sent.

**From Old Time.** It was curious to hear the law of deodand recalled the other day at an inquest on a boy who had been killed by the breaking of a branch of the tree which he had climbed. Legally, it is said, the Crown could claim that tree. It is the right of the Crown to confiscate anything which has caused the death of a human being. Abroad, they have an unwritten law which commands the seizure and destruction of any weapon which has been used against royalty. What was the purpose of our eccentric law? Originally, when an article which had caused death was seized, it was sold, and the proceeds given for the saying of masses for the soul of the deceased. But the Crown thought better of it, banished the masses, and stuck to the proceeds itself. In modern times the Crown seized and sold an Eastern Counties Railway Company's locomotive engine which had run off the metals and caused loss of life. The money went into the Crown coffers, and the relatives wondered why.

**Jumping the Law.** That old law is supposed to have been abolished, but here we have it cropping up again, and at any moment the Crown might cut in and insist on confiscating the lightning which strikes one of its subjects dead. We do not know where we stand with regard to old unrepealed laws. It requires a better lawyer than the present writer to say whether all the property of a suicide cannot be confiscated, and his or her relatives left penniless. The law once so ran, and presumably still exists in that form. Chief Justice Hankford knew all about it, and, when he wanted to shuffle off, he had carefully to plan a way out, so that his family might not be impoverished. He had been raided by poachers, so instructed his keeper that he was to shoot any person in or near the park at night who would not stand when challenged. It was the judge himself who met the keeper and refused to stand when the man called in the dark, "Who goes?" A bullet from the keeper ended the matter in an instant. It was suicide, of course, but the law could not so declare it, and the family suffered no monetary deprivation for the self-murderer's act.

#### Importance of Not Being Earnest.

It is a far call to Australia, which is the proposed meeting-place for the British Association next year, so intending visitors might as well see that their credentials are sound before thinking of going. Strange things happen behind the scenes at these symposia of the learned. Bishop Thirlwall was host one day when the Association met in South Wales. All save one of the notabilities he invited to a

lavish entertainment at St. David's. The exception was Dr. Forchammer, an eminent German scholar. Finding himself likely to be left out in the cold, the visitor mentioned the matter to the present Lord Crewe's father. "Oh, it is a mere accident; I will speak to the Bishop and put it right," answered Monckton Milnes. He did speak to the Bishop, suggesting that the omission was the result of an oversight. "By no means," answered the prelate. "Nothing would induce me to ask under my roof a man who has defended the execution of Socrates!" So those who propose to visit the Antipodes had better give themselves over to introspection, with a view to seeing if they stand committed to any opinions to which Australian hosts and hostesses may take exception.



A WOODEN FLOWER: THE ROSE OF HELL.

This flower is called the Rose of Hell from the fact that it grows on the sides of Mount Agua and round the seared edges of the volcano of Fuego, in Guatemala. It has four distinct petals, the outsides of which are covered with bark like that of a tree. The stem, usually about a foot high, is of solid wood covered with bark. The flower measures nearly a foot across.

(See further Note on the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page)



A WONDERFUL CROP: A SIX-YEAR-OLD APPLE TREE, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY QUANTITY OF FRUIT UPON IT.



MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



IX.—POLYPHEMUS, CHIEF OF THE CYCLOPES, CALLS ON VULCAN TO BE FITTED  
WITH A NEW SINGLE EYEGLASS.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"Roll on" and  
Rolled Out.

In the days before she thought of playing Mrs. Smith in "The Arcadians," and similar parts in musical plays, Miss Ada Blanche, as readers of *The Sketch* will not need reminding, was a tower of strength as the "principal boy" of the annual pantomime at Drury Lane.

There, in the unconquerable desire of the late Sir Augustus Harris to make realism identical with reality, she, with the late Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell, was the victim of an accident which might have been attended with serious results. It was the dress rehearsal of "Robinson Crusoe," and in one scene, in which Miss Blanche as Cru-

soe, Dan Leno as Mrs. Crusoe, and Herbert Campbell as Will Atkins were in a boat at sea, a storm arose, and special devices were introduced to make the boat pitch and toss in the most realistic way. So violent, indeed, were the movements, that rings were screwed in the stage and ropes were fixed to them for the actors to hold, so as to steady themselves. When the scene was started, the men whose duty it was to roll the boat began to work with a will, and the three actors had the greatest difficulty in keeping their places. Sir Augustus, however, was by no means satisfied. "Roll her more," he cried from the place in which he was directing the rehearsal. "For goodness sake, don't," cried Miss Blanche; "we can hardly stand as it is." "More," cried Sir Augustus, "more!" "We shall be seasick if you do," cried Miss Blanche. "More!" shouted Sir Augustus, "more!"

Obedient to his commands, the boat rolled more. The next moment out of the boat rolled Leno, Campbell, and Miss Blanche. So great was the momentum with which they left the boat that they rolled to the footlights, and, unable to save themselves, they rolled into the orchestra, to the consternation of the musicians as well as themselves. That settled it. The boat, like the ocean when apostrophised by Byron, might roll on, but the actors would not roll with it. There was a strike there and then, and Sir Augustus had to provide "doubles" for the three in the boat, while the members of the orchestra went in fear and trepidation during the action of that scene for the whole of the run.

IN THE MAD SCENE IN "HAMLET": MISS MARIE LÖHR  
AS OPHELIA.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

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The Tricky  
Revolver.

Critical  
situations

on the

stage are often so cleverly saved by the skill and resource of an actor that the audience is unaware that anything unusual has happened. Such an incident occurred in the career of Mr. Lawrence Leyton, the young actor who, after succeeding so well in the provinces in the leading parts in "The Walls of Jericho," "The Fascinating



IN THE MAD SCENE IN "HAMLET": MISS MARIE LÖHR  
AS OPHELIA.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

## A Fellow Feeling.

Mr. Frederick Ross, who has won so great a popularity at the Lyceum, and who is now playing the part of George Thornton in the exceedingly successful revival of "Two Little Vagabonds," has, in his time, like

most of the actors who have graduated from the provinces, had many strange experiences. At one time, he was playing the part of an acrobat in a drama of circus life, which was touring in Wales. There were scarcely any theatres in the district, so that halls or schoolrooms had, nearly always, to be used. At one place the ceiling in the hall was so low that the manager found that if a stage was erected it would be impossible to use the scenery on it. He decided to do without the stage, with the result that the drama was played on the floor of the room, and the actors were only separated from the first row of the stalls by the footlights. The weirdest part of the entertainment came, however, with the final tableau, when the stage was strewn with men who were supposed to be dead-drunk. One of the fishing skippers who, with their wives, filled the front row of the auditorium, and

who had been patronising the bar pretty frequently, leant over the footlights and, patting the shoulder of the man who lay nearest to him on the stage with a bottle clasped in his hand, exclaimed, in tones of sympathetic affection, "Gie us a drink, ole f'ler."



"THALIA'S TEA-CUP," AT THE COURT: MISS THYRZA NORMAN AS THALIA.

*Photograph by Grahame, Ellery, and Co.*



# THE JUDGMENT OF FOLKESTONE: THREE OF THE BEAUTIES

WHO OPPOSED CONTINENTAL "QUEENS" IN THE INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY COMPETITION, AND A "QUEEN."



1. MISS CARPENTER, WHO SECURED MOST VOTES IN THE PRELIMINARY COMPETITION.

2. MISS LOUIE ELLIS.

3. MISS MAY WATTS.

4. THE "QUEEN" OF NORMANDY.

At the competition at which six British beauties were chosen to oppose the Continental "queens" in the International Beauty Competition, which was fixed to take place at Folkestone last night (Tuesday), Miss Carpenter, of Folkestone, took first place. The others chosen were Miss Louie Ellis, of Tunbridge Wells; Miss Asta Fleming, of Whitstable; Miss May Watts, of Folkestone; Miss Dorothy Elliott, of Hornsey; and Miss Winnie Gerrard, of Hampstead. It was arranged that they should be opposed by the Queen of Queens from the Paris Mi-carême Carnival, the "queen" of the Paris markets, the "queen" of Normandy, two "queens" of Rouen, two "queens" of Lille, two "queens" of Calais, and the "queen" of Courgain.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 3 by Burges No. 4 by Ratillon.]

## A BRACE OF THEM.



THE CANDIDATE (*making house-to-house calls before the by-election*): Er—I've come to solicit your support.  
THE EXUBERANT ELECTOR: That'sh funny: I wash on point of askin' you to gimme yours.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



A TEST!  $7\frac{1}{2}$  TO 11.

CAPTAIN THE FIRST: Hello, old sport! What sort of a team have you got?  
CAPTAIN THE SECOND: Rotten! Only seven men and the curate.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## AT HOME IN LONDON: DIE DREI SCHWESTERN WIESENTHAL.



1. FRÄULEIN GRETE WIESENTHAL.

2. FRÄULEIN BERTA WIESENTHAL.

3. FRÄULEIN ELSA WIESENTHAL.

On several occasions we have presented to our readers portraits of the Sisters Wiesenthal in dancing dress. We now publish photographs of them in ordinary dress. They are appearing, as most know, at the London Hippodrome, and are making a great success.

*Photographs by E. O. Höpff.*



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

**L**ORD RALPH KERR, who has just entered on his seventy-third year, carries his age lightly, with no bending of the upright figure that used to look so fine in the uniform of a Colonel of Hussars, and still does huge credit to homespuns. Lord Ralph is the heir-presumptive of his nephew, the Marquess of Lothian, who is five-and-thirty and a bachelor. Lord Ralph became a Roman Catholic many years ago, and so did his younger brother Lord Walter,

of the Censorship Commission were slyly securing extra copies of the Shaw pamphlet, because, said its author, it will yet be worth ten guineas a copy. "Take this back, Mr. Shaw," said the gallant Colonel, on the first opportunity, his fellow Commissioners following suit. Eton, the Coldstream Guards, and the House of Commons have been, says Colonel Lockwood, "my three schools."



THE SOVEREIGN'S ROOM AT YILDIZ KIOSK.

the distinguished Admiral, who is a couple of years his junior, and every whit as active. Both these "younger sons" have sons of their own, so that the Roman Catholics are likely enough to have a third Marquise in time. One of Lord Walter's daughters is a nun.

*The Return of the Ashes.* Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche send tidings of the gayest passage to Australia, including a fancy-dress ball. There was no one aboard whom the sea did not change into something new and strange; no ordinary ship's company could have produced such costumes. Mr. Asche returns to Australia, which he once knew very well, after an absence of about eighteen years. Mr. Laurence Binyon, in whose "Attila" both Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton had towering parts, we shall all long remember, has not, as was stated, had a new Keepership created for his special behoof at the British Museum; he only steps into the shoes of Mr. Sidney Colvin's former Assistant Keeper of the Prints and Drawings. Mr. Binyon, still a young man, has passed through the swing-doors of the British Museum nearly every day for the last fifteen years.



ONLY CHILD OF THE EARL OF MAYO'S HEIR: MISS DAPHNE BOURKE.

Miss Daphne Bourke is the only child of the Hon. Algernon Bourke, brother of the Earl of Mayo, and heir-presumptive. She was born in 1895.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

*Woman's Ways.* We are all very proud of Miss Charlotte Mansfield, who returns to England after having travelled close upon seventeen thousand miles since quitting England seven months ago. She has done on foot nearly a thousand miles through the Dark Continent, unaccompanied by a single white person. A hundredth part of the distance through London, unaccompanied, would be more than most of her sisters at home would dare attempt. But the fact is, where a woman makes up her mind to go, she can get wherever the foot of man has rested. Look at Mrs. Bullock Workman's mountaineering feats! The Duke of Abruzzi, with all his advantages,



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL: LADY MARGARET FLORENCE HAY.

Lady Margaret was born in 1907. Her sister was born in 1903.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

has barely eclipsed them. Look at the feat of that marvellously plucky little woman, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, who succeeded in carrying out the exploration of the interior of Labrador, to which her husband had in vain sacrificed his life. She was the first of the white race to set foot on the Great Divide between the Rivers Nasaupee and George; hers were the first eyes to behold the sources of the two. Miss Mansfield's feats resemble those of Lady Baker. "Pay and pack" were the only instructions that great woman ever received for striking camp,



THE SALOON CONTAINING THE EX-SULTAN'S COLLECTION OF CHINA.

SPLENDOUR ABDUL HAMID MAY SEE NO MORE: INSIDE YILDIZ KIOSK.



THE SALOON OF HONOUR AT YILDIZ KIOSK.

and Miss Mansfield acted upon conditions, self-imposed, as summary. She packed and paid, and did it all for about ninepence a mile.

*Seventy-four Years an Earl.*

Copies of Lord Nelson's book on "my great-uncle," as he proudly calls him, reached the King and the Prince of Wales during the celebrations of the author's eighty-sixth birthday. Lord Nelson's two interests—the Navy and its men and the Church—are still very keen for him, the members of his family who have commanded at sea being quite outnumbered by those who have taken Orders ashore. He has a record in the House of Lords, having held his title for seventy-four years.

# KEY-NOTES

**Seaside Progress.** The music-lover who has known British watering-places for many years and is now at the seaside, can hardly fail to note the remarkable improvement that the last decade has wrought in the quality of the concerts provided for his amusement and support. Time was, in years that are now no more than unpleasant memories, when the music heard at the seaside only enjoyed its title by courtesy. Supplied, for the most part, by gentlemen with blackened faces who relied largely upon banjo and tambourine, it was made up largely of songs that came uncleansed from Metropolitan music-halls. Children listened and, happily, did not understand; men applauded; women of the sensitive kind stayed away. The only alternative to an entertainment that could hardly be called clean was provided on Sundays, when dismal soul-hunters sang hymns to the accompaniment of a wheezy harmonium. And then one realised that week-day amusements had something, however little, to commend them.

**The Rise of the Orchestra.** Time went on, as time has an unfortunate habit of doing, and the seaside band arose to give orchestral music and engage the assistance of a vocalist once in the week. At first, and indeed for several years, the orchestra was a very poor affair. Recruits were not easily found, and as a man who could play any instrument effectively was not to be despised, no balance of tone could be obtained. Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians were to be found side by side with Englishmen; the attitude of the players towards the vexed question of pitch might have provoked unpleasantness had one and all not been concerned with getting the programme through as quickly as possible. The work selected for performance was always a long way beneath contempt. The conductor, generally a violinist who had a double responsibility, knew or patronised only two times—three-four and six-eight; upon the Procrustes bed of these he stretched or lopped all music, and though his programme might grow, his rhythms remained immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. There were no complaints; a large section of the public sat around and admired the conductor, as the Highland lassies admired MacPherson Clonglocketty Angus McClan. Sometimes the strings were in tune, sometimes the brass did not bray, sometimes the players troubled themselves to follow the conductor's beat, sometimes they began and ended together. Nothing was impossible.

**The Years of Transition.** Gradually, very gradually, orchestras improved. Enterprising towns engaged men who knew something about music, and the concerts became a municipal undertaking, subsidised sufficiently to enable good men to be engaged. At Llandudno, Blackpool, Scarborough, and other Northern watering-places the greatest progress was made; the South coast has never yet risen to the Northern height, the orchestras at Folkestone, Eastbourne, Brighton, and other popular resorts being hardly up to the standard that obtains on the North Wales, Lancashire, and Yorkshire coasts.

To-day there are distinct lines of cleavage in most of our leading seaside-places; we find a tolerably good orchestra for those who like first-class music fairly well rendered, while for those whose tastes are frankly popular there are pierrots or nigger minstrels, whose entertainment, although it may be exceedingly dull, is at least wholesome.

**Vaulting Ambition.** Unfortunately, the conductor of a seaside orchestra that has capacity without genius is frequently troubled with ambitions. He aspires to the classics, nothing less will satisfy him. His players can render selections from a Sullivan opera quite inoffensively, a Suppé overture is, unhappily, not beyond their powers of interpretation or endurance, they can play a march by Sousa with spirit and enthusiasm. But these things will not suffice the conductor; he has ambitions and must be among the moderns. He is not greatly concerned with Strauss, Debussy, Max Reger or Vincent d'Indy, but he must at least have Wagner on his programme, and it is hard to escape from the Tannhäuser Overture, the Lohengrin wedding music, or the Fire Music from the Valkyries and Siegfried's journey to the Rhine in the Dusk of the Gods. Wagner is to the seaside conductor whose ambitions outrun his discretion as King Charles' head was to Mr. Dick. And the result is deplorable, for Wagner does not yield to assault but only to long study and frequent rehearsal under intelligent direction. It is almost a relief when, the last bar of a Wagner selection having been played, the conductor turns to the "Washington Post" or the "Merry Widow" waltz.

**The Future of the Orchestra.** In years to come the good seaside orchestra will probably be the rule and not the exception. It is no longer difficult to find good players, the broken-down foreigners with fifth-rate instruments can no longer find a place without great difficulty, and, in a little time, the foreign orchestra might well disappear from English watering-places and give home-made talent a chance. The colleges and schools are turning out hundreds of competent players year by year, and if these players could be persuaded to regard their accomplishment as an aid to a happy life rather than as a direct means of earning a living, they would at least be able to provide themselves with a pleasant summer holiday free of all cost, in return for five or six hours' fairly pleasant service in the bandstand. The pay is not high, but it covers the cost of living amid pleasant surroundings, and leaves a small surplus. There are still many seaside towns wherein the existing appointments might well be revised in the interests of good music and English performers, there are still

too many orchestras supported by municipalities and run by foreign conductors to whom no Englishmen need apply. Finally, in these days, when the sphere of woman's activity is ever widening, why do we not find some orchestras composed entirely of competent ladies who have graduated in our leading colleges?

COMMON CHORD.



A PRIMA-DONNA IN UNUSUAL GARB: MME. DE CISNEROS  
IN "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN."

Photograph by Mishkin, New York.





Who Palmer?—  
Why Palmer?

Palmer Cord Tyres!—Cord we understand, truly enough, but why Palmer? asks the male Rosa Dartle, hungry for information. To answer that question one has to invoke the *manes* of one Palmer, an American of pronounced accent, who came over to this country in the early days of the pneumatic with a patent tyre of his own, constructed as to fabric, or I should rather say, foundation, on the tangential principles. And those principles are rigidly adhered to to-day in the present Palmer tyres, but by the use of Mr. Sloper's wonderful, nay almost human, cording machine, are applied to

and the throwing-up of the liquid tar when it is necessary to drive over it immediately after it has been sprayed. The authorities who tar their roads properly should have grants from the Central Road Authority when it is formed.

Fain Would he  
Climb.

Mr. E. D. Fawcett is assuredly the prophet *par excellence* of the single-cylinder car, and both by word and deeds, particularly deeds, seeks to prove before all the world that a single-cylinder car can go where never was car before. Just lately, he has scaled the steep ascent of Montanvers, and after two hours' climb reached the Mer de Glace. Nor was he alone in his staunch little 8-h.p. De Dion, for he was accompanied by Mrs. Fawcett and his mechanic, to say nothing of the dog. Some gradients of the mule-track, for it is only a mule-track that was followed, ascended as smartly as 1 in 3 to 1 in  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —a slope which it is quite sufficiently trying to climb on foot, and then not too much of it. Upon arrival at the hotel at the summit, the little single-cylinder De Dion was an object of the keenest curiosity on the part of the tourists who had made the laborious ascent on foot and on muleback.

The New Arrol-  
Johnston.

Excellent reports are to hand with regard to the speed and power developed under test by the new 15·9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston car, although one is precluded at the moment from detailing the various interesting, ingenious, and novel features which have gone to the above results. It will



A SPECIAL TRAIN FOR GOATS, ENTERING THEIR CARRIAGE TO BE TAKEN TO THE PASTURAGE.

The goats are taken each morning in a small car from their houses to the pasturage, and are brought back each evening to be milked. The train to which the goats' car is attached is drawn by a Decauville motor, and is composed of waggons used for the conveyance of farm produce from district to district.

much fuller purpose and with much greater scientific accuracy than was the case with the original Palmer cycle tyre. Nevertheless, the Palmer cycle tyre was adopted by speed riders for the speed it conferred, and this characteristic has been more than retained in the Palmer Motor Cord Tyre, for at the late Brooklands meetings, out of nine events, Palmer Cord Tyres secured four firsts, four seconds, and two thirds. The driving wheel of a motor-cycle puts more work on a tyre than anything else, and one always finds motor-cyclists favouring Palmer Cord Tyres.

Nothing Like Tar. Both for motor and general traffic, to say nothing of the present saving to the rates, the tar-spraying of the main roads of this country must prove a sweet boon. Roads that I have known beforetime to break up into terrible holes and much dust after a few days' drought, now retain their original smoothness of surface during the driest weather, and by reason of the viscosity of the top tar-dressing under the sun's rays, remain absolutely dustless. In wet weather, also, a huge improvement is noticed, for the rain, which aforetime stood in pools in the holes aforesaid, now runs right off the road directly it falls, leaving the surface hardly wet enough to throw up from the wheels in spray. This, of course, makes very largely for the cleanliness of the car, reducing the labour of the washer, and also the wear of the various parts from the ingress of road-grit, which is very inimical to metallic surfaces in frictional contact, and the highly varnished and polished body-work. The only drawbacks are the merging of the blackened road into the landscape at night,



THE GOATS' PULLMAN: THE RETURN FROM THE PASTURAGE.

This system enables the goats to enjoy far better pasturage than they would do otherwise, with the result that their milk is of exceptional quality and quantity. It also avoids the necessity of a long walk home to be milked. The goats' carriage covers about twenty square feet, and in it ten goats can travel in comfort.

be ill news to the opponents and detractors of motor-racing to learn that the designs for the engine of this car are based upon the experience gained with the well-known 4-in. Arrol-Johnston racer, particularly with regard to the development of the maximum amount of power with the minimum of engine space. The shortness and compactness so obtained should ensure strength and rigidity far above the average. Special attention has been given to the highly important point of engine-lubrication, every small working part which previously had to take its chance of oiling from the splash of the crank-chamber being now force-fed. This new Arrol-Johnston chassis has been produced under the auspices of Mr. T. C. Pullinger, who graduated with Darracq, and was responsible for the celebrated Beeston-Humber cars.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

## Nurseries.

In a few days the Nursery Handicap season will open, and that that particular section of racing is extremely popular with owners is demonstrated by the fact that the number of entries for various events is this year higher all round than it was last. I suppose the difficulties of the handicapper are greatest in this kind of event; and if I were an adjuster I would willingly give up the task of reckoning up two-year-olds to anyone who cared to have it. But still, the task has to be tackled, and is usually done with such success that we frequently see huge, unwieldy troops of horses at the post, and the races bearing such a puzzling appearance that long odds are betted on the field. At Derby, in particular, it is no uncommon thing to hear six, seven, and eight to one offered that you cannot find the winner. The services of Frank Wootton are eagerly sought before September, but with the advent of the nurseries the scramble for his aid is greater, for he is head and shoulders above all the other light-weight jockeys. His brother Stanley will get plenty of riding in nurseries this year, for he has shown that he is an exceedingly clever boy. His chance came when his brother was nursing himself after his Ascot accident, and he has seized it with both hands.

**Autumn Handicaps.** A glance down the list of entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire as printed on the lists of the Continental bookmakers leads one to the conclusion that they made form their sole guide to the prices they lay. I have heard many backers swear by form and nothing else, and they have very excellent examples to follow in those list-men. Thus their nominal favourites for the Cesarewitch are Pure Gem and Rushcutter. Now Pure Gem was backed to win last year's Cesarewitch, and would have done so had Yentoi not been there; and he and Rushcutter put up very excellent performances in long-distance events at Ascot this year. Again, the poor running of Yentoi this

season is reflected in the fact that he is placed on the same mark as Blind Hookey, Bouncing Bess, and Hammerkop. The same principles guide the compilers of the list on the Cambridgeshire, where one notes that Land League is at the shortest price. Land League's second last year and his first the year before are evidently fixed in the minds of the compilers of the lists. I suppose the prices will be all turned topsy-turvy when the weights appear. An unusual line has been struck out in the Continental betting on the St. Leger. With evens the best price obtainable about Bayardo, "one-fifth the odds 1, 2, 3" is offered.

## Starting-Price Betting.

I have received a remarkable letter from a gentleman who knows racing from A to Z on the subject of starting-price betting. My correspondent has for some time been considering how starting-price men can carry on business in a perfectly legal manner, and he claims to have found a way. He

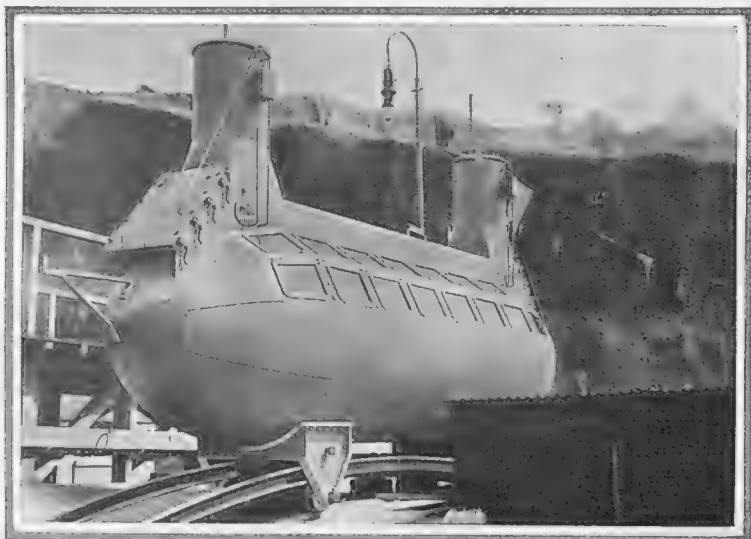
says: "There is a certain contingency the compilers of the Betting Acts overlooked, and it is possible to run an office on ready-money principles without people resorting thereto, without giving credit, without opening accounts, without taking money in advance, without employing a third person, without clients paying the money into the bookmaker's bankers, and without using a Continental address. Notwithstanding this, the transactions would be on a par with taking ready-money bets, and without the attendant risks, as no existing Act of Parliament contains any clause that could even be distorted into making the plan an illegal one. There is nothing complicated about the method, and certainly not half the trouble that is experienced in taking up references, opening accounts, etc." These seem to be somewhat bold statements, but my correspondent is quite confident that his plan is a bona-fide legal one. I prefer to express no opinion on it, but just wish to put it on record.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

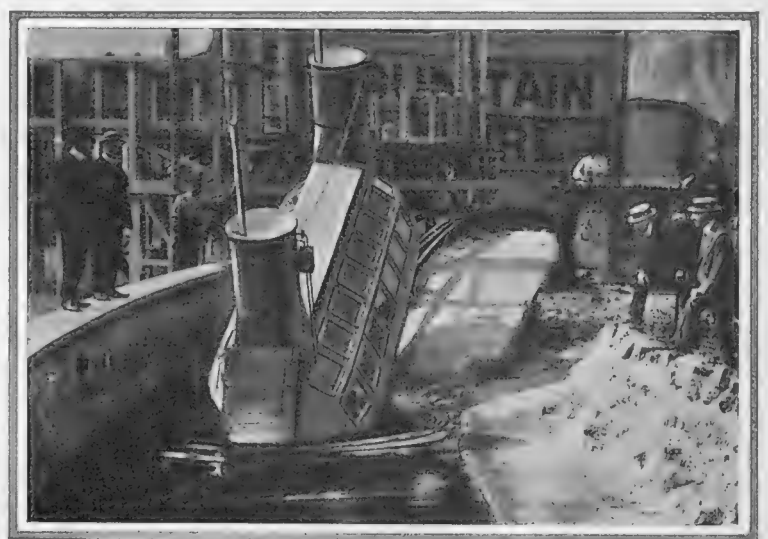


A PERSIAN BULL-FIGHT: THE BULLS CHARGING.

[Photograph by Bain.]



ONE OF THE SUBMARINES AT THE WHITE CITY.



ONE OF THE SUBMARINES ABOUT TO DIVE.

## A SUBMARINE VOYAGE ON LAND: A SUBMERSIBLE ALL MAY ENTER.

Visitors to the White City may now gain some idea of what it means to travel below water, and that without taking any of the risks attendant upon the usual submarine voyage. There are four "vessels" at Shepherd's Bush, each shaped like a submarine, and so fitted that they carry passengers comfortably. They run along rails. During a part of the journey they are but half-covered with water; four times they go below the surface. They are, of course, well ventilated.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Pleasures of Decivilisation.

One of the few advantages of being over-civilised is the pleasure we take in becoming uncivilised on a seaside holiday. In this adventure we spare no pains, we make no concessions—we are sternly resolved to attain our end. In the Brittany village, for instance, where I am writing these lines, I see various well-known Londoners trying to assume the appearance of cowboys, tea-planters, shrimpers, and, at the bathing hour, even of Arab sheikhs. But if the Englishmen are eccentric in their appearance, it is of malice aforethought; for they wish to discard for a time the garments of civilised life; but the French *bourgeois* on his holiday wears things of fearful and wonderful cut and surprising material, with hats which would require a volume to do them justice, and thinks that he is fulfilling all the sartorial requirements of seaside fashion. Chiefly he affects straw-hats of the shape of an inverted bowl, suits of bright khaki, ties which have the appearance of sashes, white sand-shoes embroidered with the Russian and French flags in brilliant yellows and blues, football boots, with a sweater and velvet-collared overcoat, and similar fantasies which would make Bond Street tailors pale with horror. Needless to say, these good citizens are unaware of the figure they cut, and

they, quite as much as the decivilised Londoner, enjoy themselves to the top of their bent.

### The Vanity of Man.

Yet, if the Londoner is at vast pains to decivilise himself, and even takes sun-baths on the *plage*, clad simply but effectively in a gown of Turkish towelling, it must not be supposed that he leaves his town vanities and coqueties behind him. The fact is that the young man of the present day—however serious and intellectual—thinks a great deal about his personal appearance. The conviction is gradually forcing itself upon me that it is not women who talk about their clothes, but men. During the last week I have heard more acrimonious discussions about cravats, socks, hats, and shoes than I should have heard in a year among women of the same intelligence. It is no longer the fashion among women to talk about dress. Most feminine persons spend a considerable amount of time and thought over it, but the operation is conducted in private; the rites connected with the cult of appearance are mysterious, and very little is said about the result even among the most ardent devotees. But the young men of to-day have no such diffidence in discussing their personal charms and adornments, and will wrangle for hours over the colour of a necktie, the cut of a coat, the length of

been blackballed at clubs for no better reason than that they affected an eccentric collar, while vagaries in boots have been known to put an end to many a promising friendship.

"It." In England, if the innocent bachelor or spinster presumes to allude to a diminutive member of the community as "it," they at once arouse the undying

hostility of its mother and nurse. But in France this appellation would be pardonable, for up to eight years old, both boys and girls at the sea-shore are dressed alike in short scarlet tights, a scarlet jersey, and a cap to match with a mandarin's button on top. Both, moreover, wear floating curls, and, as to energy and what nurses call "obstrep-erousness," the French girl-baby can certainly give points to her brother. At an early age, indeed, she gives signs of that dominance over the other sex which the Frenchwoman has always maintained, and which causes her to regard the Feminist movement with a certain amount of wonder and amusement. For very soon after the scarlet-jersey age she ceases to be "It," and proceeds to manipulate the men-folk around her with that subtlety and art for which she is justly famous. Yet the question arises, naturally enough, when one watches these groups of children, dressed alike in sensible fashion, and tumbling and romping on equal terms, why such an enormous and unfair difference should be made between them in after years? Mr. Bernard Shaw once defined a woman as "very like a man, only worse educated." In the coming Utopia, not a doubt of it, the years of equality and comradeship will be indefinitely prolonged, and young persons of both sexes will adopt a neutral costume and a sensible attitude towards each other, much like the crimson-clad babies on this Brittany beach.



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING BLOUSE OF FLAMINGO CHIFFON, WITH LACE OF THE SAME COLOUR, AND FOLDS OF SOFT BLACK SILK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL COAT FOR SEASIDE WEAR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

their hair, or the right method of manicuring their nails. As a matter of fact, Englishmen have always attached a fictitious importance to correct dress, and it is this trait in them which makes them so intolerant of the foreigner who does not conform to their precise ideals in colour, material, and cut. Men have

### The Seriousness of the Bath.

Nothing amuses the wandering Briton more than the seriousness with which the French people take their sea-bath. Not that they are glum when disporting themselves in the waves, for no one is more cheerful when taking a swim; but the precautions before and after: the hot foot-bath, the hour spent on the *plage* before the adventure is undertaken, the hot chocolate, tea, or cordial, with cakes or bread, which are part of the ceremony, and which are consumed immediately afterwards—all this adds to the gaiety and bustle of the beach. For nothing is consummated in France without lengthy discussions and much gesticulation, and even the babies cannot build a sand-fort without differences which remind the onlooker of a scene in the *Chambre des Députés* on some particularly lively occasion. Hygiene has assumed an enormous rôle of late in French life; what wonder then, that the sea-bath has an importance it would appear to lack in the careless Anglo-Saxon communities of England and America?



## THE WOMAN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

**Night in a Train.** Travelling is very comfortable if one contrasts it with the days of yore. Still, there are few places one would not prefer to spend a night in to the most luxurious sleeping-car of the best railway. I write with authority, having emerged some sixty miles south of John-o'-Groats from a train journey of nearly eight hundred miles. Bad as the night was, with the wheels whirring under one's head and the feeling that one's body was being lurching one way and then another, it was extraordinary how soon we were at Inverness.

**Tidy but Tired.** It was noticeable how tidy travellers managed to keep. A member of our company who had some years' longer acquaintance with this planet than myself, said that in his earlier days, coming up North, he saw such dishevelled sights in the morning at Edinburgh or Perth that he never could have believed them the spick-and-span passengers he had seen the night before. We noticed that, with few exceptions, even the third-class folk—who had certainly had to sit up all night, for the train was crammed—were as fresh-looking and tidy as when they started. People choose more suitable garments for travel, and a wash and a cup of tea on the train are great helps. Personally, I was glad to notice among the passengers a greater kindness and courtesy to each other than used to be the case. A little less inclination to treat a fellow-passenger as an intolerable nuisance is undoubtedly a result of greater facilities for travel in our islands and the general acceptance of them.

**Ladies on the Links.** Within motor-drives of almost all shooting-lodges are golf-links. These prove a great resource for the guests who do not shoot. It is, in consequence, quite customary for a host to include in his party a couple of men who are content with a little shooting or a little fishing and will go golfing with the ladies. Then there are the off-days, when golf-links prove a boon and a blessing to a hostess. At Dornoch every place is full up with people there for golf, and golf only. To these are added day by day, now that the shooting-season has begun, motor-parties from the lodges and autumn residences. There are two eighteen-hole links—one for men, on which ladies are allowed to play at certain hours, the other for ladies. Both are well laid out and beautifully kept.

**"Hooray, Hooray, for Brora!"** These words are the refrain of a doggerel frequently sung by the fisher-lads of one of the most delightful seaside places possible. To the lover of all things highly civilised and luxurious Brora is in



TO APPEAR IN "DEAR LITTLE DENMARK," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE; MISS VIOLET DELVA.

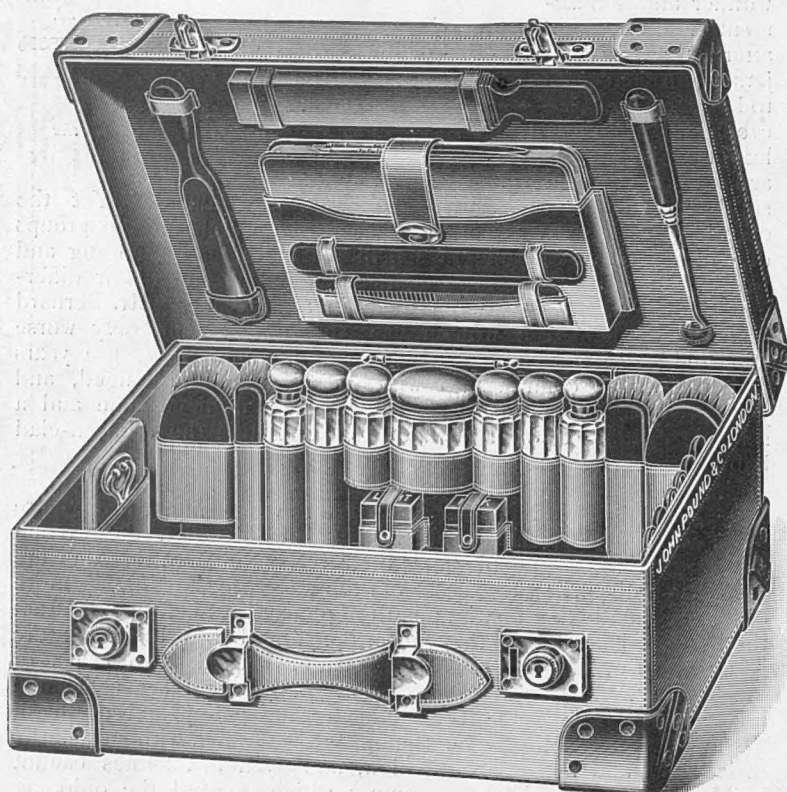
Photograph by Elwin Neame.

embryo. To those who enjoy quiet and the beauties of Nature, and being "far from the madding crowd," Brora is perfect as it is. The eighteen-hole links are splendid, they remind one of the late Tom Morris's verdict on Turnberry links, given with no thought of irreverence. "The A'michty must 'a had guff in His een when He made the place." There are miles and miles of sands and excellent safe bathing. A river that looks darkest brown rushes down through the town into the sea. It is one of the best, if not the best, spring salmon rivers in Scotland. There are lots of salmon in it now and quantities of trout. The latter fishing is free as far as the tide affects the waters, a distance of over a quarter of a mile. Loch Brora, four miles off, affords fine trout-fishing, which hotel proprietors can secure for their visitors.

**Seaside Outfits.** On "Woman's Ways" page will be found illustrations of an evening blouse, and a coat invaluable for the seaside. The blouse, of flamingo chiffon, has a frill of lace dyed the same colour and folds of soft black silk at the waist and neck. The coat is of navy-blue serge, with revers and cuffs of white cloth and big blue buttons and loops.

Naturalists who have seen specimens of the wooden flower shown on our "After Dinner" page pronounce it to be the strangest and rarest in the known world. It is called the "Rose of Hell," because of the legend of the Guatemalan Indians, and was discovered about a year ago in the rugged mountains of Central America, where it grows in crevasses on the sides of Mount Agua, and around the scared edges of the towering volcano of Fuego, in Guatemala. This unique blossom is rough, but beautiful and odd and wonderful in many respects, as the illustration shows. It is composed of four distinct petals, concave in form, and arranged much like the petals of a half-blown rose. The outside of these petals or divisions is covered with thick bark, like an ordinary tree; inside, the hard surface is indented with lines that follow each other in the most delicate tracery, like the veins in the petals of some flowers. The stem, usually about a foot long, is of solid wood, light and strong, covered with a heavy bark and cracked as though by heat. Flower and stem are dark brown and as dry as tinder. The flower grows on a tree of great size and strength, and measures nearly 12 in. across. The Indians regard the steaming crater of Fuego as the doorway of hell, and this wonderful flower grows near its mouth, hence a strange legend which holds that it is the only flower or ornament produced in the nether world. This is the origin of its name. The Hon. Herman Silver, of Los Angeles, owns one of the finest of the very few specimens ever found. Our details are taken from the *Standard Magazine*.

This is the time of year in which the question of luggage everywhere comes up for attention, now that all the world is travelling about in search of change and amusement. Those who find that their stock of luggage needs replenishing will do well to consult the illustrated catalogues of the world-famous firm, Messrs. John Pound and Co., or, better still, if they find themselves in London, call at one of the firm's various addresses, and make a personal inspection of the wonderful variety of goods which it has always on view. These include all kinds of dressing-cases, both for ladies and gentlemen, particularly suitable for wedding and other presents. A separate catalogue of fitted dressing-cases can be obtained.



A SPECIMEN OF MESSRS. JOHN POUND AND CO.'S LEATHER GOODS: A GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE.

Dressing-cases, both for ladies and gentlemen, in a large variety of styles and prices, are supplied by that well-known firm, Messrs. John Pound and Co., of 81-84, Leadenhall Street, 211, Regent Street, 177-8, Tottenham Court Road, 67, Piccadilly, and 243, Brompton Road, S.W. The case here shown, with plain silver and ebony fittings, is made in two sizes, at £12 12s. and £13 13s. each respectively, or with ivory fittings for 70s. extra.



PRESENTED TO SIR ALFRED NEWTON: GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE FREEDOM OF LONDONDERRY.

This fine casket has been presented to Sir Alfred Newton, Governor of the Irish Society, by the Corporation of Londonderry, as a mark of their esteem and in recognition of the society's assistance in restoring Derry Guildhall after the fire of 1908. The arms are those of the Irish Society, Sir Alfred Newton, and Londonderry. The views are of the Cathedral and the Walker Monument. The casket was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



# CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 24.*

## BUSINESS FIRST AND RUBBER AFTERWARDS.

MANY a quieter August than the present one has the Stock Exchange experienced, and in spite of the swarm of people who are away, there is quite a fair amount of activity in various spots round the House. Outside the most familiar markets, the Rubber department is perhaps the centre of chief interest, and the disadvantages which all new departments start with are not absent from rubber shares. In a great number of things the market is so narrow that it shuts up upon very slender provocation, and the man who has been having a quiet flutter finds prices fall alarmingly. Prospective purchasers should keep this in mind, because then they will be less likely to buy with a view to carrying-over, and if only they will take up their shares they will not so much mind if prices undergo a temporary relapse.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I am often asked," said The Engineer, "whether I think those railway-carriage conversations given in *The Sketch* are real or imaginary."

"Now, that's rather odd," remarked The Broker, "because a man who came in to play Bridge last night asked me the very same thing."

("Ancient game, Bridge," interjected The Jobber. "Invented by Euclid. Ha, ha! Hee-haw!")

"And I had a man in my room the other day," declared The City Editor, "who swore he knew the brother of the 'fool they call The Jobber.' That's how he put it. Leave off," he cried, "it's too hot to giddy around!"

"I think it's a compliment to have our modest dissertations made the subject of public curiosity," smiled The Banker. "It's either that or else it's gross impertinence on somebody's part to send them to the papers at all."

Each man pretended to be deeply immersed in his newspaper, while he furtively studied the faces of everybody else.

"I believe it's getting hotter every minute," continued the old gentleman at last, evidently regretting the wound he had inflicted upon certain tender feelings.

"The thermometer and Steel Common were having a race," said The City Editor, "and Steel Common won. Hot stuff, Steel Common."

"A country client wrote to me the other day," The Broker told them, "and said he had been advised to buy Steel Common as a steady industrial investment, likely to appreciate in value."

The general laugh which followed this quotation did much to relieve the mind of The Banker.

"As to the appreciation in value, I'm with the author of the advice," said The Engineer.

"Can't see any crack in Yankees just yet," added The City Editor. "And all our correspondence from New York preaches the same tale."

"It can't go on for ever, you know," was The Jobber's reminder. "There must come a time when—"

"Oh, to be a bear on that day!" sighed The Merchant, lifting pious eyes to the roof of the compartment.

"You're far more likely to be a bull on that day," said The Broker, provoking another general laugh—the laugh of good-humour mellowed by experience.

"Most of us have been 'in the cart' at times—some of us more often than others," The Merchant went on in semi-soliloquy. "And still we bear no malice."

"I'd sooner bear malice than Unions at the moment," remarked The Jobber, causing The Banker to look at him sharply, anxiously.

"I feel positive that they must fall—in time," persisted The Merchant. "Perfectly positive."

"To be positive in your opinions and selfish in your habits is the best recipe for comfort, if not for happiness," burred The Broker. "And comfort is far more attainable than happiness."

"We seem to be unanimously agreed that Americans are going higher, for the present?" and The City Editor ended on a note of interrogation, to which the others gave assenting nods, much as they do to the inspector when he comes round to demand tickets.

"Canadas ought to go better, but they don't," complained The Engineer.

"When shares get within, say, ten points of 200, my boy, you mustn't forget that the ordinary investor begins to fight shy of them."

"Unions have gone up a hundred points in eighteen months," The City Editor pointed out.

"South Sea stock rose from 100 to 950 in six months, and came back again to 125 in five," The Jobber replied.

"A remark quite irrelevant," said The Broker. "Evidently made because you happen to have been reading about it lately and want to air the knowledge as though you'd been born with it."

The Jobber's look was sufficient to freeze anyone on a day when the thermometer did not happen to be racing neck-and-neck with Steel Common.

"I wouldn't mind having a few Trunk Thirds now, for a gamble."

"How many?" asked The Broker promptly.

"Turn him out," said The Jobber, with disgust. "Really, Brokie, you seem to forget that this is a refined entertainment," for which observation he was at once accused of plagiarism.

"No, but Trunks really are going better, you know. I shall be astonished if we don't see Thirds standing at 60 this year."

"In the shade?" asked the Engineer absently. Then he woke up. "If so, we shall see Ordinary at 30, eh?"

"They're good things to take away with you on your holidays," said The Jobber. "In fact, I don't know anything better."

"What are good to take away, did you say?"

"Trunks, Sir, Trunks; Ordinary, Thirds, or Luggage Vans," and out The Jobber stepped. Just in time, so it happened. Anyway, he was the one who laughed.

## THE PATHETIC CASE OF HOME RAILS.

Truthfulness compels the admission that the Home Railway market is by no means left without solid bull points, but that all favourable factors seem to go by the board in consequence of the apathy of the public. Dividends were good, reports made satisfactory reading, and the meetings certainly put fresh encouragement into the hearts of all who attended, or who read the reports of the proceedings—South Easterns always excepted. The market makes a timid little spurt, and prices go up to the tune of a half to one and a half per cent. Then they seem to stop, look round in order to see if anyone is following them, and being disappointed of their hope, down they droop again. It is all rather sad, somewhat pathetic, in fact, especially as money is so cheap. But obviously jobbers are not going to put much stock on their books unless they foresee public demand, and of that last there is too little indication.

## KAFFIRETTES.

"City Deeps," we wrote last week, "are talked up to £5 within the next month or two. They may touch the price, but are not worth it." Our mistake. Village Deeps it should, of course, have been. We apologise to everyone concerned.

South Randfontein, for Special Settlement, are one of the cheapest things to buy, provided the Kafir Circus is going to improve during this autumn.

Our tip to buy Globe and Phoenix about 3 might have been a great deal worse one. Unhappily, the price had risen 5s. between the time the proofs were sent in and the time the paper appeared, but we hope there were a few nippy people who bought the shares.

Gold Mines Investment show a handsome profit to earlier buyers. They are widely advised as bound to go higher. In present circumstances, we should say that 3½ represents all their value.

Lines upon lines of Chartered have still to come out at 35s. Once these are digested, the price will stand a better chance.

About the middle of September, we should say, will be the time for the next revival to start. But it may come sooner.

The people who pushed up De Beers under cover of dividend-rumours are beginning to take their profits. The rise was prettily done, but it didn't leave the pleasantest flavour in the mouth.

Saturday, August 14, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T.T.—(1) The best of the bonds you mention are those of the Mexico Tramways Company. We should not touch the others. (2) In our opinion it will pay you better to buy some low-priced rubber share with good prospects for the future.

I.S.T.—Your letter was answered on the 12th instant.

PENRYN.—It would seem a pity to cut so heavy a loss now, and we think you would do well to hold the shares.

G.C.—Please see our Notes.

NAVAL.—Our opinion is that the shares are a very speculative holding.

JEWELLERY.—We are making inquiries.

CON. CLUB.—Kindly see our Notes this week.

INVESTOR.—Russian Railway 4½ per cent., London and South Western Deferred, Wabash Common (highly speculative), Hudson's Bays, Mexican Railway First Preference stock.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Stockton is a very pleasant meeting, at which some good racing is seen. The following are my selections: Lambton Stakes, Wild Gorse; Stewards' Handicap, Furzeling; Hardwicke Stakes, John Splendid; Zetland Plate, The Major; Middlesbrough Handicap, Symbolic; Wilton Welter, Eclat; Durham Produce Plate, The Story. At Folkestone Specific may win the Kent Handicap and Cyanin the Folkestone Handicap. At Hurst Park Miss Nick may win the Earlsfield Welter, Dandyprat the Hurst Stakes, Prester Jack the Champion Sprint Handicap, and Corduff the Walton Handicap.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Cardillac."**

By ROBERT BARR.  
(Mills and Boon.)

Mr. Robert Barr has returned to his historical romances. The scene of "Cardillac" (Mills and Boon) is laid in France, in the reign of Louis XIII., which naturally affords every opportunity for the display of gallants at sword-play, the revelation of intrigues, and the enumeration of hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field. Victor de Cardillac was a young Gascon gentleman, and nobody who has tasted the historical novel needs to be told that he is soon plunged up to his neck in adventures. There is a chapter called "The Encounter in the Dark" that, coming early in the book, is an earnest of all that is to follow. Cardillac walks in Paris by night, dogging the footsteps of another man. He fights; he is wounded; he finds he is the victim of treachery, and his experiences lead him to the conclusion that Paris is anything but a delightful city. He leaves it, and finds more fighting, more intrigue, and a love-affair elsewhere. There is nothing original in all this, and it cannot be said that it smacks of spontaneity; but it is briskly told, and it is much better stuff than most stories of its kind.

**"Studies in Wives."**

By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES.  
(Heinemann.)

It may be thought that husbands are the best people to study the deep question of wives, but a moment's reflection will show the weakness of jumping to any such conclusion. A husband has, as a general rule, studied one wife only, and his foible is, as we all know, arguing from the particular to the general. "My wife is so-and-so: therefore all women are the same"; few have been lucky enough to escape the formula. So it happens that what we want to find is wives observed by a woman, and to find this in a state of super-excellence is an unexpected and a joyful thing. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has proved her quality already, and in "Studies in Wives" she presents work which maintains her own high standard. There are six studies in the book, all of them full of interest, all of them written with feminine instinct and masculine insight; all of them uniting, in the happiest way, the craft of the French short-story writer with the solidity of his English confrère. We like to be a little metaphysical; but only "about as much as my William may desire." Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes could have been exhaustive, but is not: she knows, we think, her British public. The result is that her studies are light without being shallow; and that, if you come to think of it, is not a common thing. The one that will appeal most to the man in the street is "According to Meredith." Dering and the woman whom he loved believe that they were both equally convinced of the

absurdity of making a contract of marriage. They felt themselves superior to the legal bond, and they entered into a provisional agreement for ten years. Dering, at the expiration of the period, took his friend into his confidence, to tell him that the marriage that was no marriage was perfect in every way. Astute readers may guess the end. This is tragedy, and so is "The Decree Made Absolute," a grim little study of wifehood *in extremis*. The wives in this engrossing book are living women. There is nothing automatic about Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' characters, and the dignity of human weakness is an open page to her. It is a long time since we read a collection of short stories that contained, in a modest compass, so much observation, so much dramatic art, and such a vivid sense of the irony of circumstance.

**"The Fun of the Fair."**

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.  
(Murray.)

"The Fun of the Fair" is potted Phillpotts, and it is very good indeed. The author does not spread himself over descriptions of Dartmoor, the exigencies of the short story demanding another treatment of his material, and the result, though we miss the wonderful word-pictures at which he is an adept, is completely harmonious. Mostly the fun of the fair takes place at Belstone, and it is all the fun of Devonshire rustics, who express themselves in their local idiom with a delightful humour that may or may not be Mr. Phillpotts' addition to the merry-making. The stories are not all equally in the light vein; "The Horseshoe," for instance, touches serious matters; but they are all racy of the moorland. Those who want to read Mr. Phillpotts at his best must get this book, which is, by the way, one of Murray's half-crown short novels, and extraordinary value for the price. "The Gratitude of Johnny Gee," contains such a crisp description of the human boy (who should know him if this author does not?) that we cannot forbear quoting it: "Alive? I never such saw a live boy. Tingling with life, as you might say. An' all his dreadful, unsleeping energy poured out the wrong way." In "The Matchmaker," which is a delightful study of an old maid, an awkward situation occurs when elderly Miss Minnifie, anxious to unite a backward couple, gives them her sailor nephew's roll of photographs, of missionary interest, to examine together in her parlour. She found the young man laughing, and Susan in blushes, and went on to discover that sailor Sam had made a slip.

There was a picture, sure enough, that I had missed altogether, because it had got stuck to another of a missionary church, though a very different subject. 'Twas my favourite nephew, my own brother's boy, sitting between two ink-black females wi' an arm around each of their waists! All three was grinning, an' showing more teeth than clothes. . . . "He never meant to send that," I said. "It got stuck to the missionary picture—an' time there was missionaries there, by the look of it!"

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